HOUSE OF LIVING HELL

T LAST AN INSIDE PICTURE OF ALCATRAZ — WHY CAPONE WAS STABBED

AUG. 15, 1936

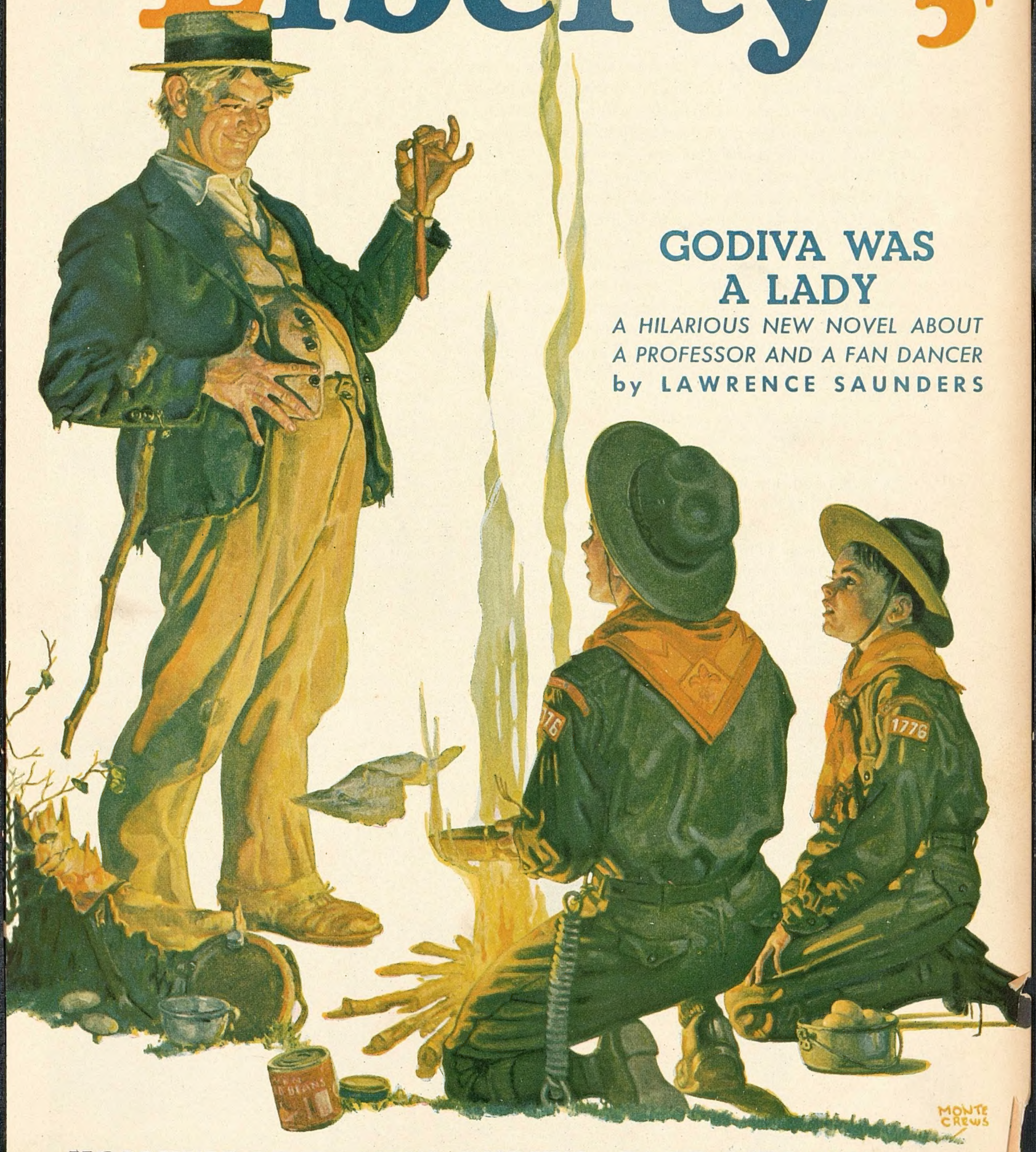
Liberty

5¢

GODIVA WAS A LADY

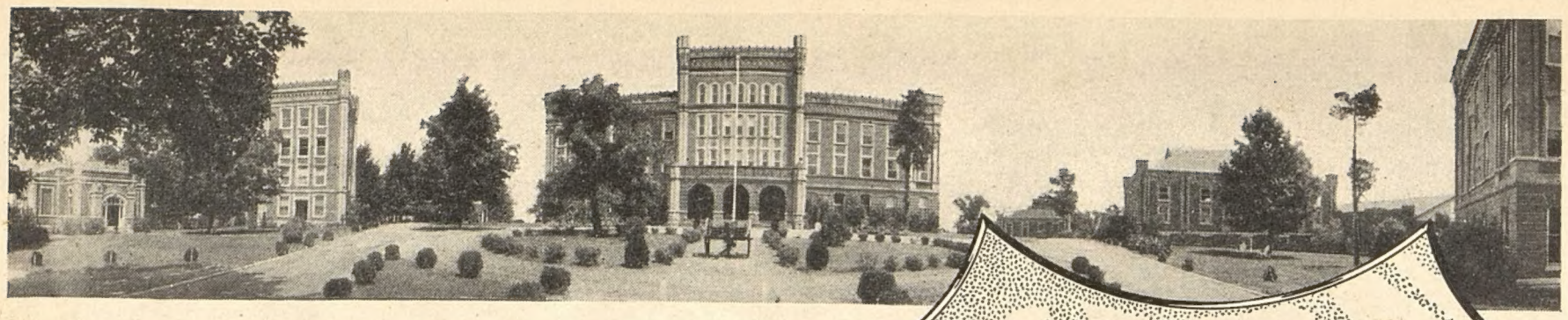
A HILARIOUS NEW NOVEL ABOUT A PROFESSOR AND A FAN DANCER

by LAWRENCE SAUNDERS



HOLLYWOOD'S NEW PURITY TAPE MEASURE—

HAT WILL BE DONE ABOUT POPE'S CENSORSH



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A Distinguished School for Boys

FOR nearly four decades this Tennessee school, rich in the traditions and culture of the South, has been making a notable contribution to the youth of the nation. Its graduates in ever increasing numbers have gone forth to occupy leading positions in the business and professional world.

The spirit of the South, which impels a boy to give nothing short of his best, whether on athletic field or in class room, has carried over into the greater game of life. *Castle Heights men lead in achievement.*

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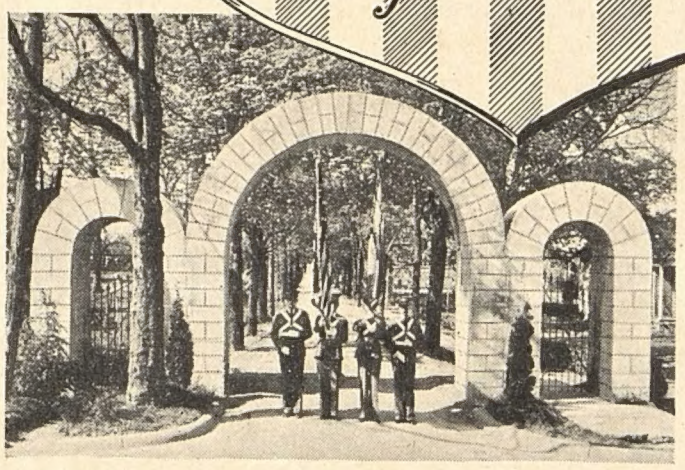
The school plant comprises ten modern buildings of brick and stone, set on a campus of 225 acres in the foot hills of the Cumberland Mountains. The latest addition is a large indoor swimming pool, 30 x 75, covered with a vita-glass roof. Athletic fields, tennis courts, gymnasium are units of a complete athletic plant. The athletic teams have won national recognition. *Every boy participates in some sport every day.*



Castle Heights, located in the heart of the old South, is thirty miles from Nashville, Tenn.

A unit of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, directed by two U. S. Army officers, affords a military program of the finest type. This system of training has no equal for the development of poise and executive ability, as well as habits of neatness, courtesy and punctuality. *Castle Heights boys reach commanding positions by learning to obey.*

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For further information mail coupon below.

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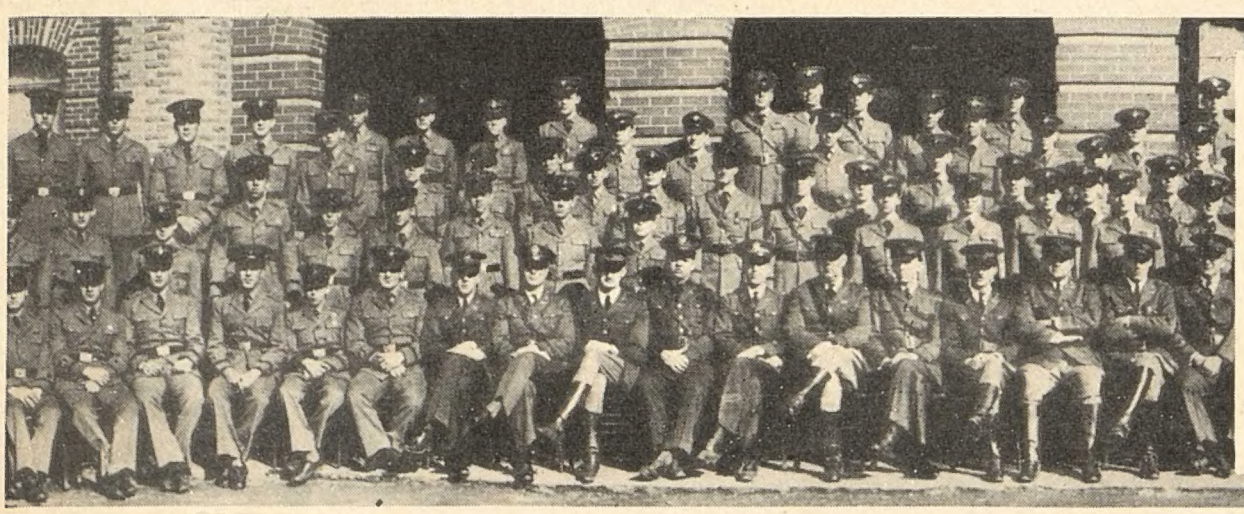

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Col. H. L. Armstrong, President
CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY,
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Please send me detailed information regarding Castle Heights Military Academy, courses, terms, requirements, etc. My boy is..... years of age.

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City.....State.....

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TODAY, the modern *dental health* practice of Ipana and massage is just as important a part of children's early education as their A. B. C.'s. It is taught in school rooms, taught by dentists. And it is taught by intelligent parents as a common-sense health routine to combat the threat of modern menus to teeth and *to gums.*

Today's soft menus—today's too-civilized foods—do rob our gums of the vigorous chewing they need for health. Lacking this necessary exercise, they grow flabby, tender, sensitive! And when they signal that sensitiveness, when they flash that warning "tinge of pink"—see your dentist.

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It is very simple to rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Almost at once you'll feel a tingle of new circulation. Gums look better, feel firmer. They show a grateful response to this new exercise and stimulation. For Ipana is especially made to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth.

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• With classroom instructions in gum massage, modern teachers everywhere are contributing to the future soundness of their children's teeth and gums.

AUGUST 15, 1936

Liberty

VOL. 13, NO. 33

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF

WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

We All Want Security— Present and Future

THE attainment of financial independence has been at all times the outstanding ambition of our citizens. They not only desire to make their own future secure, but when they assume the responsibilities of family life their first consideration is the proper training of their children, and they usually try to acquire a financial status that will at least give their progeny a good start in life.

We have insurance companies that have built up colossal businesses, and they sell security—only security.

We have savings banks by the thousands, and every depositor is thinking only of security when he deposits his savings in these institutions.

When a husband desires to protect wife and children from hardship and suffering he buys insurance. A part of his income is spent for this purpose. There are said to be more than sixty million insurance policies in the various companies.

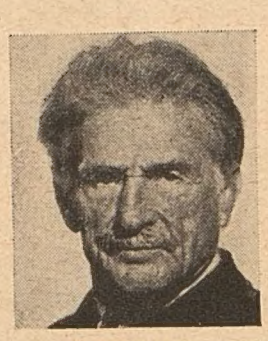
And until the present administration came into power there was no doubt in the minds of our citizens as to the dependability of the security offered by banks, insurance companies, and other depositories.

If a certain amount of money was saved from your income and invested in insurance, endowments, annuities, real estate, or bonds, it gave you a feeling of security for the future. The gaunt frame and bony fingers that accompany suffering from hunger and cold were entirely unthought of.

But what security have we at this time, with the present government wasting our financial substance in such staggering sums that a lifetime of effort would be required to count this money even in ten-dollar bills?

We hear so much complaint about inflation. But how about credit inflation? Flooding the country with printed money with no limit brings disaster. And unlimited credit inflation will do the same thing. And this administration has given us credit inflation to the extent of thousands of millions of dollars.

Our national indebtedness is now more than thirty-six thousand million. An increase of more than ten thousand million beyond the highest World War peak.



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Can our citizens look forward with any degree of confidence to future security with such a wild spending of our national assets?

And what has this administration done to our money standard? It depreciated the value of every insurance policy, of every dollar in every bank by more than forty per cent.

When we were paying $22.53 an ounce for gold our dollar was worth one hundred cents. But when we lessened its value by increasing the value of gold to $35 an ounce, we presented the insurance companies with billions of dollars by enabling them to pay their depositors in fifty-nine-cent dollars. For that is the present foreign price of our dollar which was worth a hundred cents at our old-time price for gold.

The word "thrift" has been thrown to the winds.

Security? There is no such thing in this country at this time.

Our only hope lies in the election of an administration which will consider the balancing of the budget one of the first requirements for national security and which will have business intelligence enough to form constructive plans for paying the colossal indebtedness incurred by the fanciful theories of inexperienced dreamers.

The American dollar has always held a high place in the world of finance. In bygone years it was classed as sound money along with the English pound. But with our national indebtedness soaring to new highs at such an enormous rate, our future financial security will be questioned.

Sound money, stabilized currency, security for the future represent the ultimate end that we all desire. And when we cast our vote at the next election we should emphatically realize the necessity for giving the political situation the consideration which is needed to put the American dollar in the high place that it has maintained throughout many generations.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1936, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $5.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photograpns, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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I'VE DRIVEN MY DODGE 281,000 MILES!"

Says **FRED CAPRON, SPOKANE, WASH.**

"I bought this car in 1920," says Mr. Capron. "I drive it every day in all kinds of weather. In my opinion, there is no car to equal the Dodge for dependability and economy. I am known by my car, and believe me, it is a real advertisement."

Dodge Owners from Coast to Coast Report Sensational Mileage from Dodge Cars

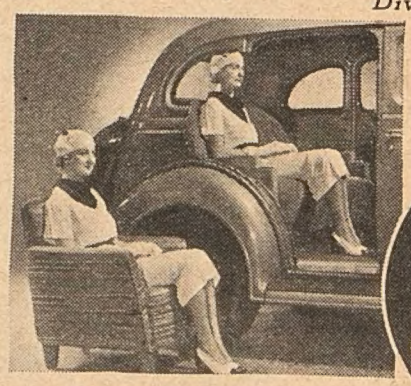
FOR 22 years the words "Dodge" and "Dependability" have been synonymous...and no wonder...from all parts of the country come reports of Dodge cars that have been driven nine—twelve—fourteen—sixteen years!...Dodge cars driven 100,000 miles—150,000 miles, 200,000 miles, 280,000 miles!...That's one of the reasons why more people buy Dodge cars than any other make with the exception of the three lowest-priced cars.

But, though Dependability scores with every motorist, that's not the only reason Dodge is the fastest-selling big car in America...Dodge economy!—that news ...coo has spread from Coast to Coast like wildfire ...owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas...astonishingly low upkeep cost...money savings so substantial that—in the long run—many owners say Dodge actually costs less to own than small, competitive cars.

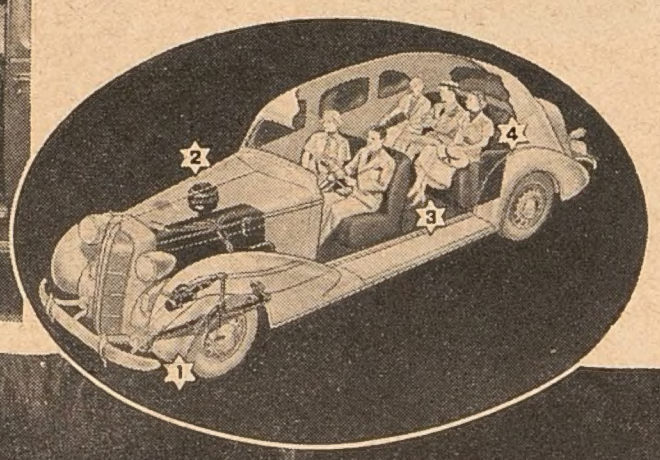
Dodge gives you more extra-value features than you can find in cars priced even $500 higher than Dodge...the safety-steel body, *genuine* hydraulic brakes...patented Floating Power engine mountings...breath-taking beauty...roomier, more luxurious interiors!

See this big, new Dodge today! Make the free economy test! See with your own eyes how Dodge saves gasoline!

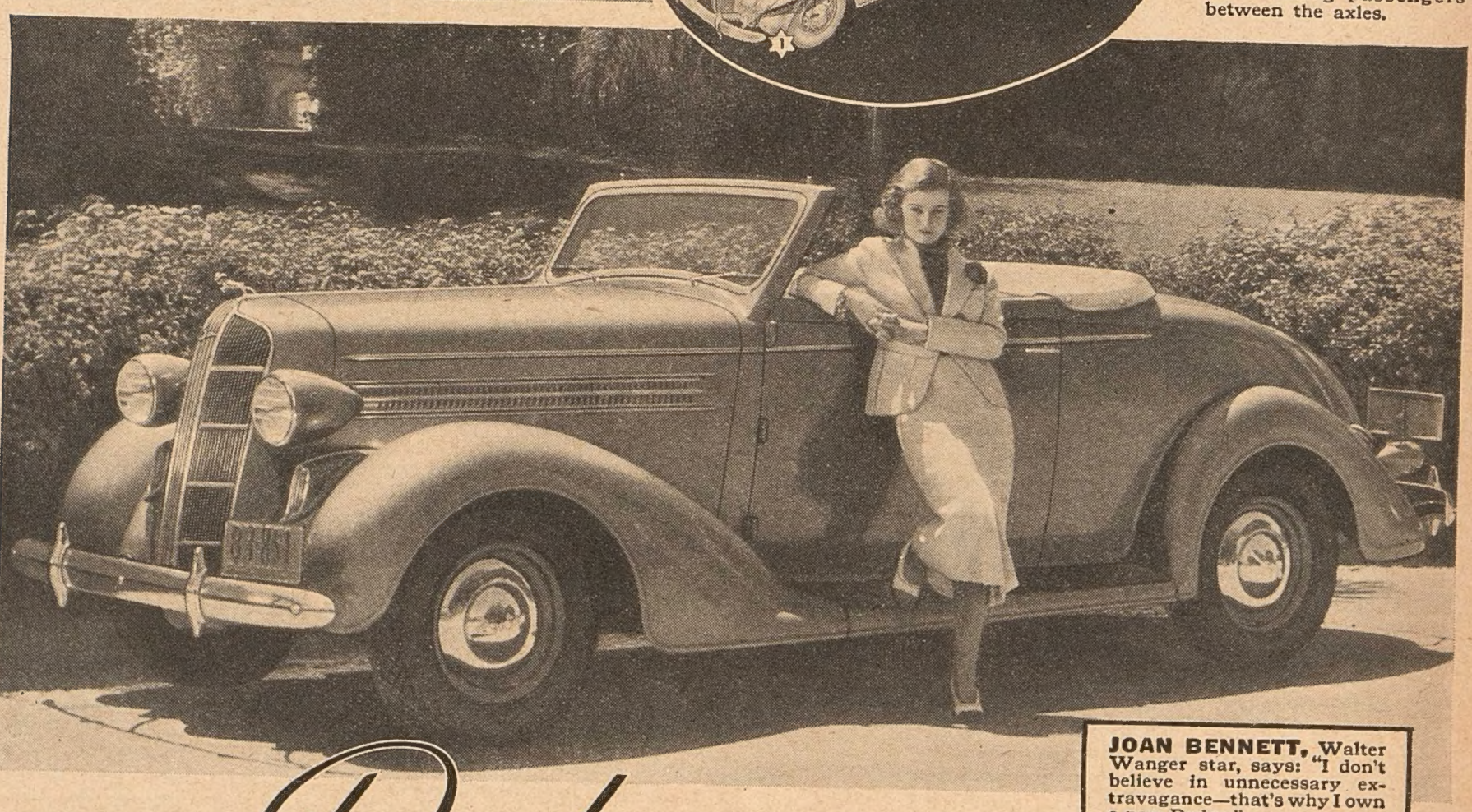
DODGE
Division of Chrysler Corporation



CHAIR-HEIGHT SEATS!—See how Dodge seats approximate the shape and height of a comfortable easy chair! In many cars, high floors and low seats raise the knees to an unnatural position—cramp the feet and legs. In Dodge, floors have been lowered, and Dodge Chair-Height seats give you a *natural* sitting posture!



AIRGLIDE-RIDE—This thrilling new Dodge ride is made possible by: (1) longer, more flexible springs with action-synchronized front and rear plus the Levelator which prevents sidesway on turns; (2) moving engine forward to distribute weight evenly to all four wheels; (3) lowering floors to permit use of Chair-Height Seats; (4) cradling passengers between the axles.



JOAN BENNETT, Walter Wanger star, says: "I don't believe in unnecessary extravagance—that's why I own a new Dodge."

BIG MONEY-SAVING *Dodge* $640*

DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

*Priced from $640 to $995. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra.* **Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.**

beginning

Godiva WAS A LADY

by LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

A HILARIOUS NEW NOVEL ABOUT A PROFESSOR AND A FAN DANC

PART ONE—STEPHEN FROST STEPS OUT

DON'T for an instant imagine that Dr. Stephen Frost would have picked up a girl on a train. He was entirely innocent, at the beginning.

He'd had to run to catch the Puritan as the snooty train was gliding out of Grand Central Station at 2 P. M. on that last Saturday in October. The only seat he could find was beside the little blonde schoolgirl.

Dr. Frost knew she was a schoolgirl because she was dressed in a blue-wool knitted suit and a round-crowned wool hat, her topcoat was a serviceable navy blue, and, moreover, she was studying a fat textbook. Girls' schools and colleges were dotted along this railroad from New York to Boston.

The young man was fastidious. One could tell that from his attire, all in shades of brown from hat to brogues. His hair, eyes, and neat beard were brown, too. He carried a brown Boston bag with zipper. He sat down, opened the bag, took out a sheaf of printers' galleys, and began to read proof, pencil in hand.

The title-page setup on the first galley said:

AMERICANISMS
By STEPHEN JOEL FROST, Ph. D.,
Department of English,
New Harbor University.
A Dictionary of Idioms, Colloquialisms, and Slang
from Colonial Times to the Present Day—

The girl had read that far when he put the first galley behind the others and started on the second. He caught her at it. She blushed—actually—and apologized.

"I'm terribly rude, but it's so interesting. When will it come out?"

He hoped to have it ready for January publication, he said. Would she like to read the galleys? She would, if he didn't mind.

After she had read a couple of galleys he ventured to ask: "What's your school?" She said simply: "I don't go to college."

"I thought—you were studying Fowler's Modern English Usage," he excused his question.

"Oh, I'm studying for the stage. Privately." She went back to reading the proofs. Occasionally she'd point out something that had tickled her. That led to more talk. Somehow she was exciting.

He tried to see the destination on her round-trip ticket when the conductor came through, but couldn't. She found out that he taught English composition and history of the English drama. Also, that he had delivered a lecture to a woman's club in Brooklyn the previous afternoon. About her he found out exactly nothing.

When the trainman called, "New Harbor!" she got up to put on her coat. Was that luck! Probably she lived there. He took out his address book, pen. If she'd write down her name and address, he suggested, he'd like to send her a copy of the book. She thanked him; she'd buy it; authors shouldn't give away books.

"I don't dance for nothing," she argued. "Why should you give away your wares?"

The constable was blocking the way. "She fell off the stairs," Stephen snapped. "Open my car. Gotta get her to the hospital."

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN

READING TIME

28 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

. . THE STORY OF A STRANGE ADVENTURE IN LIFE AND LOVE

"Where do you dance? I'd certainly like to see you."

Her mouth and her eyebrows mocked him. "Heaven forbid!" she said.

The train had stopped. He let her carry the big pasteboard florist's box from the rack; he took her airplane case and both the Boston bags. His and hers were duplicates—hers was somewhat heavier. She carried herself with uncommon grace. Her ankles were sweetly turned, her legs shapely, her body unmistakably female. She had something beyond the physical, too: personality, It, sex appeal.

He followed her through the small throng on the platform to the waiting room, and set down the bags.

"I know you aren't the sort of girl who can be picked up on a train," he stammered. "You know who I am. I live in Dutton College—bachelor instructors' quarters. Will you tell me who you are and where you live?"

"You'd be disillusioned," she parried. "I think that's my driver—" She walked toward a mug in a cap who looked like an ex-pugilist. Stephen couldn't hear what they said, but the fellow came back with her.

Frost picked up one of the Boston bags. It was too heavy to be his. He bowed to her, jammed on his hat, stalked out through the near-by exit, leaped into the first taxi.

"Back to the monastery," he thought as he let himself into his suite.

The telephone was buzzing. It was she, and she was not amused, nor did she accept his apology for the "mistake" very graciously. When he said, "Tell me where to bring it and I'll be right over," she said coldly: "Tell this man how to get there, please; he'll come for it."

Dr. Frost opened the Boston bag.

He took out a linen bag that contained knitting and wool—blue, of course. Something wrapped in tissue paper: silver strap sandals. A white-silk dressing gown. Then a japanned box that all but filled the bottom of the bag. It was a stage make-up kit; but there was no name on or in it. No letters, nothing else that would identify her. Two big aluminum jars of white paste. The profession called it "body white," he knew. Dancers used it.

He repacked the bag hastily. His doorbell was buzzing. He opened it in guilty haste. The ex-pug type confronted him with his own bag.

Frost reached for his wallet. "Where are you taking the young lady? I want to send her some flowers and an apology."

"She said not to tell you, doc."

Stephen took out two singles.

The driver grinned. "It's the Gol'n Arrow Inn. Come out and see us. Call up Michel for a table, but don't tell 'at little dame I tol' you. T'anks. I gotta scram."

The Yankee blood that ran in the veins of Stephen Frost was not ice water. In his family there had been flint-in-homespun men and steel-in-velvet women. He had been born into the New Harbor faculty, his father a professor before him; his mother a New England Brahman as tough of will as she was frail of body. Stephen had been a late child and an only child; rather frail, too; but he had built up his body until he had made the gym

team, won his letter as a distance runner, his class numerals in boxing as a middleweight.

His father had died in the summer of 1929. Stephen had acquired his master's degree that June. He was to travel, take his doctor's degree, then teach. But the estate had shrunk alarmingly before it was probated. Stephen had accepted an instructorship on the English faculty, had kept up the big house, paid doctors and nurses, stood by until Mrs. Frost had died in 1934. Now, at thirty, he thought he had been beaten into the academic mold for life.

The beard had been his mother's idea. His father had always worn a beard. It would add years and authority to Stevie, help maintain discipline in the classroom—with which he never had any trouble, for the young male respects muscle, even in a teacher.

Since his mother's death, Stella King had taken over the defense of the beard. She said it made him look distinguished.

Stella had been born in the same block on North Winthrop Street five years later than Stephen. She was the daughter of Dr. Westbrook King, now a widower, who was not only the Chase Professor of Constitutional Law at New Harbor, but one of the wealthiest men on the faculty. On both sides of Stella's family there had been good Connecticut stock, social and industrial, and much real estate.

Stella had grown up handsome, wholesome, and so healthy that she hurt. She had taken her master's degree at Vassar, and come home to be hostess for her father. Naturally, Stephen had fallen in love with her—and much good it had done him. She persisted in regarding him as his mother had, a nice boy who had to be looked after.

She had helped him rent the old house to an assistant professor with a growing family. This added about fifty dollars a month, after carrying charges were paid, to his twenty-four hundred a year salary. The estate was worth perhaps ten thousand dollars besides, after the worthless stock had been weeded out.

This fall, a year later, she said he was turning into a bachelor hermit and made him escort her to the fortnightly dances of the Junior Assembly. There had never been an occasion to mention marriage. Compared to her he was a poor man, and he had the Yankee fetish for paying his way. When he became an assistant professor, perhaps—

So why should he get all hot and bothered about a little blonde number picked up in a train?

He telephoned Roderick Ames, now an assistant professor in the Law School, asked what he was doing tonight. Playing bridge at the Kings', Rod said.

"Then could I borrow your car?" Stephen asked.

"Of course. Pick it up at the Kings'. I'm dining there. You stepping out?"

Stephen told part of the truth: "I have to straighten out a mix-up. Getting off the train tonight, I picked up the wrong bag."

"H'm-m-m!" said Ames. "Pretty lady?"

"Pretty sore at my stupidity," Stephen evaded. "See you about eight."

At half past seven, in a dark suit, black overcoat and hat, he set out.

THE mist had become a drizzle, driven in fitful gusts by a squally wind.

At Nick the Florist's he paused to inspect the window. There was a sheaf of lavender-lace flowers, delicate and lovely among gaudier and sturdier blossoms. He went in, bought two dozen for four dollars, wrote on a calling card: "These looked more like you than orchids would."

Arthur, the Kings' butler-chauffeur, answered the bell. Stella came out of the library. She had Ames's car keys.

"Hello, Steve," she said. "I'm dummy and Rod is playing the hand. Won't you come in and meet Mrs. Partridge? She heard you lecture and she thinks you're sim-ply won-der-ful."

Stella had dropped her voice, to tease him. Lecturing to clubwomen on the drama was a new venture this fall.

Stephen stammered: "I'm a bit late now. You'll still be playing when I return the car."

"Oh, yes," said Stella. She looked at the box of flowers, grinned. "Did she think you stole her bag?"

So Rod had told her! Well, what of it?

"She was rather vexed," he said, knowing that he was blushing. "I did inconvenience her seriously. She had a Boston bag exactly like mine, and I got the wrong one—"

Stella reached up and pulled his beard. Hard. She'd never done that before. "I expect you to fight for your honor, remember," she said, and gave him the keys.

Driving out to Bradboro, he thought: "If she weren't so damned self-sufficient! What I need is some girl who—or maybe an older woman. I need experience."

The rain set in earnestly. It was dancing in waving sheets along the concrete highway by the time he saw a huge neon sign: GOLDEN ARROW INN, with an arrow in yellow electric bulbs pointed to the sprawling green-and-white roadhouse. Must be two hundred cars in the parking lot.

An important young constable in a rubber-covered police cap and a rubber coat waved a flashlight to stop him.

Frost rolled down the window. "Could I park somewhere nearer?" he asked. "I'll be leaving early."

"Sure, doctor. You follow me." The constable led the way to the angle between the kitchen and the back of the main building.

HIS car parked, Frost took out his wallet, gave the lad a dollar. That left him five. Enough to get by, he thought, as the law escorted him inside. The proprietor greeted them.

"Fix up the doctor, Mike," said the constable. "He's a friend of mine."

"Doctor, you're in luck. I've got one seat ringside. You're just in time for the second half and the big number."

The checkroom nymphs took his overcoat and hat. Then he realized he'd left the box of flowers in the coupé, on the shelf behind the seat. Get them later, after he'd found out the girl's name; send them back to her dressing room—or take them.

At the table were a heavy-jowled citizen of forty-odd and two stock-model women of about the same age. Michel said: "Do you mind? The doctor is a friend of mine and this is the last seat in the house."

The man rose. "Make yourself at home, doctor," he boomed. "My name's Brotherton. My wife, and Mrs. Richards, Dr.—"

"Stephen Frost." He shook the moist hand. Michel had vanished.

The host caught a waiter's sleeve as he passed. "A setup for Dr. Frost. You drink applejack, doctor—good old Connecticut sunshine. I guarantee it."

Frost thanked him, nodded. It would appear snooty to refuse a drink when he'd intruded.

"You a New Harbor man?" Brotherton demanded. Stephen nodded. "That makes it unanimous," said the host. The fellow meant he *lived* in New Harbor. Well, his liquor was good. Stephen almost emptied the glass while a blues singer moaned and wailed.

A waiter was leaning over the table. "You're Dr. Frost?" he asked. Stephen nodded. "A lady wants to see you. She says it's important." Stephen excused himself and followed the waiter through the packed room.

He thought: "Maybe it's the little girl in blue; she's spotted me."

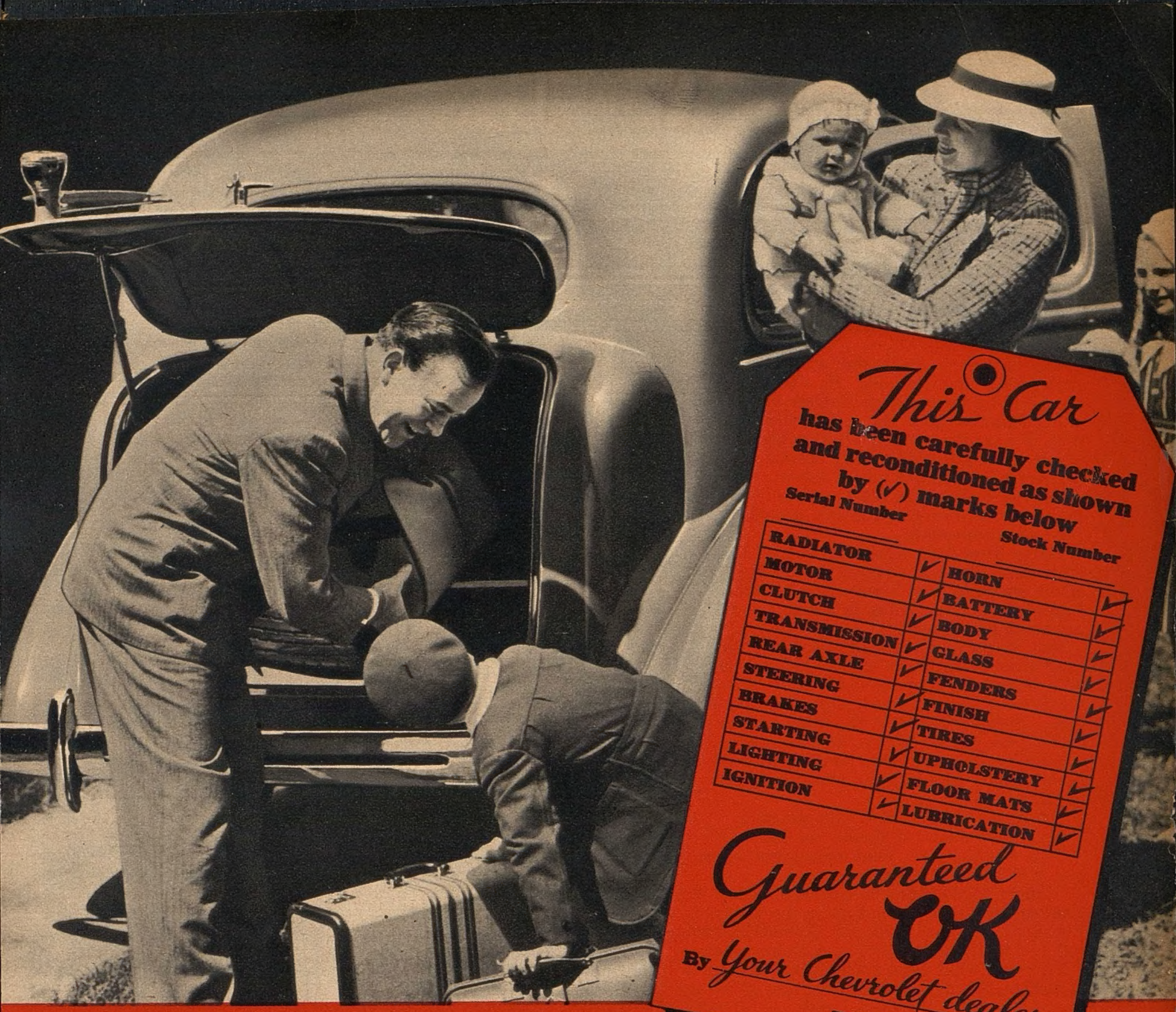
The lady who wanted to see him was in the far corner, where she couldn't see the stage at all. Even before he could make out her face in the gloom, Stephen thought he recognized the old-fashioned hat and the pompadour. It was Mrs. Harkrider, all right; Mrs. Ada Harkrider, the head and chief dragon of what the students jeeringly termed the Impurity League of New Harbor.

She stood up, looking grimmer than usual. "Stephen," she snapped, "you came here to see this—this lewd exhibition?"

The people at the next table, getting up to crowd nearer the dance floor, looked around curiously.

"What exhibition?" Stephen demanded, reddening. "I haven't seen anything lewd."

"Don't be impertinent. *(Continued on page 10)*



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adds much to its value but nothing to its price

See your authorized CHEVROLET DEALER *for* Guaranteed USED CARS *with an* OK *that counts*

THE imprint of a reliable merchant adds to the attractiveness of any article you may buy, because it assures you that "all's well" with your investment.

So it is with this *Guaranteed OK* Tag which your Chevrolet dealer places on his used cars.

It adds much to the value of the used car you buy from him, because it means that he has thoroughly conditioned the car in both body and chassis—that he has checked and re-checked every vital part—and that he pledges his word that he is giving you a dependable value.

And yet the quality-insurance which this tag provides adds nothing to the price of a *Guaranteed OK* used car.

In fact, your Chevrolet dealer is offering used cars of all popular makes and models at savings of from $50 to $75, due to the unprecedented demand for new 1936 Chevrolets.

See your nearest Chevrolet dealer today and get one of these *Guaranteed OK* used cars.

(Continued from page 8) Unless you leave this place at once, I'm going to have you summonsed as a witness."

"Witness to what?" Stephen demanded.

Mrs. Harkrider's long upper lip curled. "You have no business here—you, a member of the faculty! We're going to arrest the lot of them." She had lowered her voice.

"For what?"

"For an indecent performance—that dancer, those girls, the proprietors, and all. I have a warrant, and plain-clothes men from the state police. Now, are you going, or do you want to appear in court?"

Stephen's gorge had risen. He glared at Mrs. Harkrider. "Madam," he said curtly, "I came here to see the show, and I'm staying to see it. I don't know what you're talking about."

He bowed, turned, and started back toward his ringside table. He had missed the build-up for the next number while he was talking to Mrs. Harkrider. He knew only that some one named Betsy Bliss was about to do something very special. The orchestra modulated into a slower, more sensuous waltz, the black curtains slid back, and five hundred people seemed to sigh simultaneously.

Betsy Bliss stood at the top of the black staircase. She was covered from chin to silver shoes by two huge ostrich-feather fans; blonde hair fluffed in a halo around her small proud head.

She stepped downward, paused. The fans whirled in swift circles before her blue-white body and above her head. Perfectly nude, she appeared, and nudely perfect. Stephen's heart thumped in his throat. He was seeing his first fan dance.

Step by step she came nearer, until in the deceptive blue light he could really see her face.

His heart hit the pit of his stomach.

No, there wasn't a shadow of a doubt.

This was the girl. That long florist's box she'd carried—it had held the fans.

Stephen stood there, on tiptoe, his heart thumping, the Yankee blood that was not ice water coming to a slow boil. Perhaps, too, the good old Connecticut sunshine he'd imbibed had something to do with his reaction.

This was what Mrs. Harkrider called lewd—this poem of motion, this daring dramatization of the age-old yearning of men for white flesh, bodily perfection. Mrs. Harkrider would have put tin pants on the Venus of Milo. This was beautiful; more illusion than revelation in that blue light; chaste as a marble nymph.

He pushed his way out of the fringe of the craning crowd. "I'll warn her," he thought, "as she comes off the stage."

But there, blocking the dressing-room exit, stood old lady Harkrider.

STEPHEN sidled toward the stage drapes, fumbled until he found the parting, slid through. Past the staircase he could see the electrician, in white shirt sleeves, at the switchboard.

He edged along the drapes until he could dart across behind the scaffold that supported the staircase. The electrician peered at him suspiciously. Dr. Frost drew upon his knowledge of backstage terms.

"Listen, Lights," he whispered. "The cops are set to grab her when she comes off. Indecent performance. As soon as she comes back on the stage, you black out and I'll get her out. Can you black out everything in the house?"

"Everything in here, yes. Who're you?"

"I came up from New York with her. Now, when I'm ready—"

"You goin' to take her out of here the way she is? She's gotta have something to put on," the electrician whispered hoarsely. "Lissen. Her kimona's up on the platform. You go up the ladder at the back and get it." In a few seconds he was back with the white-silk dressing gown.

"I'll go out through the pantry and the kitchen," he muttered to the electrician.

"I can't black out in there," the man warned him. "They're on a separate circuit."

Stephen nodded. He'd have to take the chance of being stopped.

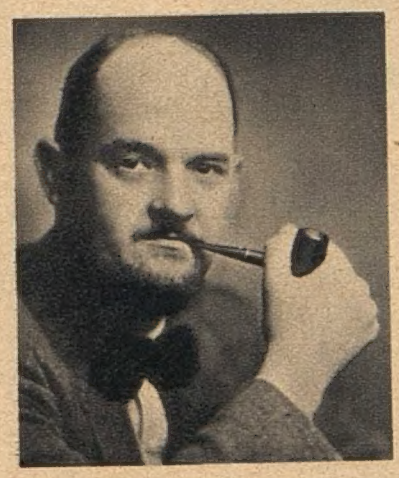
Betsy Bliss circled the floor again, whirling the fans, posing, until she was at the foot of the three broad shallow steps from the stage to the dance floor, going into the last stanza of her poem of motion.

She was up on the stage level now—and a second later on the first step above it.

"Pull 'em!" Stephen growled. The stage — everything — went black. He lunged toward that white body. He groped out, touched warm flesh, gripped an ankle. And somebody hit him in the nose, a terrific wallop!

The girl had kicked him! Her voice rang out: "Lights! What's the matter?"

The orchestra was playing louder. Out front bedlam was breaking loose: whistles, catcalls, yells of "Lights!" stamping of feet, pounding, zinging of cutlery against glass.



LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

needs no formal introduction to Liberty readers, his stories having appeared on these pages since 1930. Has no ambitions except to write better novels and travel in warm climates. Never shaves while writing a serial or book. Always late for appointments. Hates clothes; wears as few as law or circumstances permit. Was born in Missouri, and says there is no record that there ever was a gentleman in the family.

THAT old gymnast, Stephen Frost, sprang up on the steps, threw the robe around Betsy Bliss, snatched her off her feet, yelled into her ear: "The cops! They're going to pinch you. I'll get you out."

She had hit him again, in the eye, with a desperate fist—and she could hit hard. He ran with her toward the pantry. Feathers were in his face, his eyes. She hadn't dropped the fans.

As he pushed through the swinging doors he could hear some one shouting through the loud-speaker for quiet: "A fuse blew out. Do you blame it? Just a minute—"

There was only one man in the kitchen—an aged Negro cook. Evidently the others had gone out to see the fan dance.

Betsy Bliss wriggled violently as they came into the lighted kitchen. "You!" she gasped. "What are you doing—"

"Getting you out," he said between his teeth. "Hold still and shut up!"

He used her feet to push open the swinging door on to the back porch—and collided with that obliging constable, who was eating and drinking beer. He staggered back, his mouth open.

"What's the matter, doctor?" he gasped, blocking the way.

"Doctor" had given Stephen his cue. "She fell off the stairs," he snapped. "Open that door. Open my car. Gotta get her to the hospital."

The constable leaped to obey. Evidently he hadn't been taken into the raiders' confidence; they were state police.

As Frost deposited her in the seat of the coupé, the girl groaned so realistically that he jumped.

"Oh-h-h-h! Doctor! Hurry! Oh-h-h-h!" she moaned.

Frost slammed the door, ran around the car. The confounded constable was right behind him.

"I gotta motorcycle!" he yelled. "You follow me." He ran off into the rain.

Frost backed the car, cut, turned. The motorcycle roared up behind him, alongside.

"What hospital?" the helpful policeman yelled.

Frost hesitated. "University!" he yelled back. That was on the far side of New Harbor; he'd have more chance to lose his escort in traffic.

The motorcycle spurted ahead, turned south on the highway, its siren wailing. To the north lay safety, perhaps; to the south glowed the lights of New Harbor. Frost had to turn south, follow the siren.

The blonde siren huddled in the corner, under her huge ostrich feathers. *(Continued on page 12)*

Our Two Plymouths

AVERAGE 23 MILES PER GALLON!"

E IS a Fifth Avenue designer of fine jewelry ... she makes a practical hobby of interior corating... each drives a Plymouth. And both r. and Mrs. William Pitt, Stamford, Conn., ve their own individual reasons for prefer- g Plymouth to any other low-priced car.

"It's such a beautiful car... in such perfect te, both inside and out," says Mrs. Pitt. "And so comfortable ... so easy to drive."

"Why, say," declares Mr. Pitt, "any one n see there is genuinely fine workmanship roughout the whole car... the engine runs as smoothly and beautifully as a fine watch. And economical? For both our Plymouths the average is about 23 miles per gallon of gas!"

Mr. and Mrs. Pitt emphatically agree on the safety of *double-action* Hydraulic Brakes and a Safety-Steel Body. Of "All Three" only Plymouth gives you *both* these features!

Compare "All Three" before you buy... they're priced about the same. And be sure to drive the beautiful 1936 Plymouth ... at any Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

EASY TO BUY

$25 a month buys a 1936 Plymouth. Commercial Credit Company offers dealers low terms making Plymouth easy to buy.

$510

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

A SWEET RUNNING ENGINE! Real power with economy... and Floating Power takes out vibration."

"I CERTAINLY LIKE THIS BIG TRUNK ... plenty of room for anything we want to take."

"THEY'RE THE SAFEST BRAKES made. See how quickly you stopped... in a straight-ahead line?"

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

(Continued from page 10) "Dr. Frost!" she commanded. "Stop the car! Let me out."

"Shut up!" he snapped. . . .

The speedometer needle crept around to 45, 50, 55 as Stephen followed the wailing motorcycle.

Betsy Bliss tried again: "The faster we go, the quicker we get to jail. You stop this car. I'll run across lots; you turn up one of these side roads. He'll take after me, and you can get away."

"Don't you think he noticed the number of this car? I'm going to turn up a side road, but you're going with me."

"But where?"

"New York. That's where you live, isn't it? Once we get across the state line, you're safe."

"But what about you?"

"I'm in for it anyway."

Suddenly: "Dr. Frost! You're bleeding."

"You kicked me in the nose. If you want to be helpful, get a handkerchief out of my pocket." He needed both hands on the wheel, at that speed, in traffic, on the wet pavement.

She fished it out; he stanched the nose.

"I'm so sorry," she apologized. "I didn't kick you; it was my knee. When you grabbed me in the dark, I thought I was being kidnaped. A girl in my business learns to use her knees."

They were approaching another crossroads. Three huge trailer trucks were whizzing along ahead; they slowed up for the intersection. The constable's motorcycle passed the convoy, siren shrieking. There was a car coming on the crossroad from the left, and another's headlights were approaching on the highway from the south. Stephen fell in behind the trucks.

As the third truck cleared the intersection, Stephen cut off his lights, turned the corner to the right, stuck his head out of the window in the rain, and sped west. About three miles on Stephen turned north.

"I think we lost him," he said, quietly exultant.

"But the sign said 'New York' the other way," Betsy objected.

"That leads to the Post Road. We're going to stay off main highways. There'll be a radio alarm for us as soon as that constable finds out we've tricked him. I'm going to take you to New York over all the back roads in this end of Connecticut, Miss Bliss. Would you mind very much—ah—getting into the baggage compartment while I go through this town and across the bridge? That hair and the fans and—ah—your unconventional costume might attract attention." He stopped the car.

"The hair is very simple." She put her hands up to her head, tugged and lifted; the fluffy blonde hair came off. It was a wig! Her own hair was brown, cropped rather short; it lay in matted ringlets on her shapely head.

She said: "This is Saturday night and the stores are open. Couldn't you get me some sort of dress?"

The idea was good. He started to open the door.

"What's in this box?" she demanded, indicating the one on the shelf.

"Some flowers I bought for you."

"Dr. Frost—aren't you nice! I believe you've rescued fan dancers before."

WHEN he got the baggage-compartment lid open, she came around the other side of the car, climbed up.

"You'll smother," he said.

"I will not," she retorted. "Safety first! I don't want you caught."

He parked half a block down from a dry-goods store, ran back through the rain. He said: "I want a dress for my little girl. She's about five feet two and weighs—I don't know; she's grown so fast."

The cheapest thing they had was nine ninety-five. Stephen had another idea:

"It's a costume party. I—I don't want to spend much."

In the end he bought blue-denim overalls, a denim jumper, a straw hat, and a bandanna, for a total of two dollars and eighty cents.

He hurried back to the car with the bundle, two dollars, and two dimes. Better get gas while she was hidden away. He bent over the back of the car, opened it enough to pass in the bundle. "I'm stopping for gas if you're O. K.," he said, low. She said she was O. K.

At the first filling station, a bored young man in a company uniform came out, stared, broke into a delighted grin.

"Why, Dr. Frost! How are you? You don't remember me? Henry Drake."

Dr. Frost remembered him, all right; he'd taught him freshman English composition two years ago.

"Let me have a dollar's worth. I'm short of cash tonight," Stephen said, after the amenities had been exchanged.

"I'll fill it up," Henry said. "You can pay me next time you come through."

Just as he was replacing the cap, Betsy sneezed. Drake jumped. "What was that?" he demanded.

Betsy sneezed again, explosively.

"Oh," said Frost, laughing. "That's the dog. You see, I'm taking him—ah—home. He belongs to a friend of mine. He got so frantic in the car that I put him in the back. Good night, Drake, and good luck."

AS soon as he could, he parked on a side road, under a huge maple tree; opened the back. Up popped Betsy Bliss. She sneezed again.

"You're catching cold," said Dr. Frost, and lifted her out, around to the running board.

"I am not," she protested. "Your rumble's all dusty."

"Well, get these overalls on," he said.

He stood under the tree while she dressed. Presently she opened the door. "You're getting soaked! Come on in." He came.

"You had a flattering idea of my size," she said. "If these pants don't split—O. K.!" She switched on the dome light.

"Very becoming," he said. "But you don't look much like a boy."

She sighed. "Unfortunately, one can't be a fan dancer and have a boyish figure. People are just old-fashioned about that."

"I am, myself," said Stephen, and hastily started the car.

When they were on the open road, going northwest, she said: "I'm safe now. But I'm worried about you. Suppose you're fired for this crazy stunt. Can you get another job teaching?"

"Maybe I'm not meant to be a teacher," he evaded. "Circumstances forced me into it." How? she wanted to know. And for the next twelve miles he told her.

They were coming to a crossroads. Frost took the road marked Danbury, a narrow and hilly gravel road. Presently he sneezed resoundingly.

"You're catching cold." She felt his coat sleeve, its shoulder. "You're simply soaked, Sir Lochinvar."

"What about you, Lady Godiva? Aren't you cold in that thin jumper?"

"Snug as a bug in a rug. Anyway, I never catch cold. Used to drafts."

"What part of the Middle West do you come from?"

"Oh, dear," she sighed. "And I thought I'd learned to speak English without any local twang! Near Duluth, if you must know. Little iron-mining town. My father is a country doctor. My mother was a dancer and she taught dancing."

So she's twenty-two now, Stephen calculated, when she had finished a typical story of work in night clubs, a stab at the movies, and a run of hard luck.

"I got down to frying hamburgers in a Seventh Avenue window once. I've always been a good cook. I was a waitress. I worked in a dime store selling beauty preparations. Then my mother—died, and I went home and kept house for my father. I stayed until two months ago. And that's the story."

"But how did you happen to get into fan dancing?" Stephen asked.

"I met an agent—Joe Rorty. Joe was managing a fan dancer. She had boy trouble and got to drinking and had to go to a sanitarium. He had her booked ahead, and he dared me to try it. I got by. Of course I don't dare let my people know what I'm doing. I'm just dancing in night clubs, so far as they know."

"How many times have you done the fan dance?" Stephen asked.

She grinned. "You won't tell anybody? This was the sixth time I ever did it in public. I got twenty-five dollars the first few times; then fifty; and tonight I was to go on twice for two hundred. I don't know what this police raid is going to do to my plans. You see, the Golden Arrow is operated by a syndicate that runs about a dozen roadhouses in Jersey and New York, Long Island and Westchester and Connecticut. The head of it is Jerry Dalmatia."

"I can't quite reconcile all this and—well, Fowler's Modern English Usage," Stephen said. "Are you really studying for the stage?"

"Certainly," she said. "I have to make a living, don't I? I'm studying with a very fine English actress. She's down on her luck now. She must be nearly seventy. But she's a drama school all by herself. When I'm ready for the stage, I'll take off the wig and change my name. Betsy Bliss is phony. I never appear in public where I'd be recognized as Betsy Bliss without my transformation—the one I wore on the train." She laughed softly. "If it hadn't been for that wig I'd never have met you. The hairdresser was washing and curling it, and it wasn't ready, so I missed the one-o'clock bus and had to take the train. And that, I'm afraid, was hard luck for you. Is the nose very sore?"

"No; but the left eye seems to be swelling."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"It's not the worst one I ever had," he minimized. "I used to box."

"You're awfully strong," she said admiringly. "You picked me up as though I were just ostrich feathers. What did you do besides box?"

He admitted he'd been on the gymnastic team and had taken a few seconds and thirds as a distance runner.

He was a bit amused at his bragging to this girl, but—why not? She made him feel big and strong and male, as no woman ever had before. Stella took athletic prowess for granted in a man. This girl was an athlete herself, but she had feminine tact.

He switched the conversation back to Betsy and drew out the rest of her story:

"Last winter my mother was killed in an auto crash. Father was pretty badly injured. I stayed out there until two months ago, keeping house for him. He got enough from the insurance company—twenty-five thousand—to take care of him for a while. He made me come back to New York in August—he said my mother had always wanted me to be on the stage. He's living with my sister. He's nearly sixty, and crippled for life; but he has no idea of giving up. He's sort of lost without my mother. I know you think I ought to be with him; but he doesn't need me, and all he wants is for me to be somebody." She laughed bitterly.

Stephen reached over, found her hand. It clung to his, hard.

He had turned off the Danbury road on to one marked "Ridgefield and New York." Outside Ridgefield, he turned to her with a triumphant grin. "Do you know that we just passed the New York state line? You're safe!"

"Then I'm going to look at my flowers. I've been dying to!"

She took the box off the shelf, opened it, found his card. She looked up at him, and for once Dr. Frost would not have run a blue pencil through the old chestnut: "Her heart was in her eyes."

He stopped the car at the foot of the hill and gathered the little head against his. He didn't try to kiss her, except on the brown curls. It was very, very sweet—he'd found some one who needed him.

A motor roared behind them. A motorcycle skidded to a stop in the beam of the headlights.

Stephen rolled down the window. A policeman peered in—took in the figure in overalls, the flowers.

It's just the beginning of trouble for the sedate Stephen and his truant fan dancer. Headlines and wagging tongues, Mrs. Harkrider and Stella—all add to the perplexities of his future. And each embarrassing escapade brings a new laugh. Don't miss the ones in next week's installment.

Johnnie scores goal for Philip Morris

Johnnie: You called, Sir?

Tom: Coughed, Johnnie, not called.

Johnnie: If you had called for Philip Morris, Sir, perhaps you *wouldn't* cough!

Sue: Johnnie's right, Tom. I read about that in a medical journal. Tests by a group of doctors showed that on changing to Philip Morris, smokers' coughs cleared completely in 3 out of every 4 cases.

Tom: That's mighty interesting!

Sue: Mind, Philip Morris make no claim to *cure* irritation. But they do say a certain ingredient—a source of irritation in other cigarettes—is not present in Philip Morris.

Johnnie: Philip Morris, Sir?

Tom: You win, Johnnie! I always knew they were a great smoke, but I never knew they would do my throat a good turn too.

Call for

PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest 15¢ Cigarette

AMAZINGLY MILD WITH A NEW KIND OF MILDNESS

Should Congressmen Be Held Responsible For SLANDER?

Under Present Laws They May Blithely Murder Reputations at Will . . . How Long Will a Patient People Stand for It?

by

WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

HAD Huey Long lived, he would have found himself in an uncomfortable legal tangle. General Samuel T. Ansell, once acting judge advocate general of the United States army, represented the government in the investigation of a disputed election at New Orleans. During the hearings he brought out testimony casting an unfavorable light on the workings of the Long machine. Huey Long thereupon rose in the Senate and drenched the reputation of the general with a set of damaging personal charges.

Having done this in perfect safety, Senator Long seemed for a moment to lose his head. He ordered the speech printed for distribution. When the proofs came from the public printer, he inserted a set of headlines repeating matter in the text. General Ansell immediately entered suit for libel, asking heavy damages. And he sued—here is the point—not on the strength of the speech itself, nor its printed version, but on that of those headlines. Long found himself facing dangerous and expensive litigation and a most skilled opponent.

By what magic of the law could Long commit libel in those headlines, while maintaining a state of pristine innocence when using the same language in the body of his speech? It seemed like a strange technicality, and it is. But upon it a few shirt-sleeved statesmen have of late begun to build a system of legalized libel which, before they finish, may closely resemble a racket.

Remember that if I go down Main Street declaring wantonly that John Doe is an ex-convict, that his business is near bankruptcy, or that he adulterates his groceries, I am committing slander. John Doe has the right to sue me; failing to prove my charges, I must pay him damages. If I print this matter in the local newspaper or even write it in a letter, I commit not slander but libel. And to this offense the same rules apply.

We Americans have the most liberal libel laws in the world. The founders of the Republic saw to that. But as regards slander and libel, they and their successors made one curious provision. When a member of the House or Senate rises to face the Speaker in a session, theoretically he cannot lie. Debate in Congress—even a speech for the record—is "privileged." No matter what the member's tongue leads him to say, the injured person cannot sue him for slander. Delivery on the floor completely cleanses and sanitates the lie, if lie it be.

The immunity extends to libel. The reporters in the gallery may snap it on to the wire; and their newspapers may without fear of a comeback splash it over the front page. Even if they don't, it is certain to be embalmed for all time in the Congressional Record. This explains the technicality in the case of Ansell vs. Long. When Huey Long faced the Vice-President in a session regularly opened with prayer he became a consecrated being, incapable of a legal lie. But when he retired to his study and set himself to revise proofs for the public printer, the charm was broken. He stood now in the status of a private citizen. If he lied, he could be held responsible. When is a lie not a lie? When it is told on the floor of Congress!

The conscienceless legislator appreciates to the full the beauty of this process. Even the conscientious one must have a delicious sense of security unknown to the newspaperman. For a hundred and fifty years, now, our newspapers have been serving their function of watchdog. Political corruption, gang rule, alliances of police departments with the underworld have always plagued American society. And there never was a cleanup, in all our history, without the active support of some newspaper. Indeed, in three cases out of four, a militant editor started the hue and cry.

Only, this is a laborious and costly business. To feel in your editorial bones that Mayor Richard Roe has looted the city treasury—that is not enough. You must be able to prove it as surely and certainly as a district attorney prosecuting a felon. How happy, by comparison, the lot of the legislator! He has to restrain him only whatever sense of decency he may possess and a Congressional tradition against going too far on the floor. Even that custom has never bound some of the wilder characters among our senators and congressmen.

Also, there is another and subtler method for introducing derogatory matter. At almost every session Senator Sorghum or Representative Shortgrass rises and begs permission to introduce into the record "the valuable document which I hold in my hand." Permission is given

Huey Long overstepped Congressional privilege and was sued for libel by General Ansell (right).

automatically; and none of his associates knows what the document contains until—perhaps—they see it in the Congressional Record a day or so later. It may be innocuous. On the other hand, it may be a letter or a purported secret document embracing wild and unproved charges against individuals. Shortly after the war a number of citizens whose patriotism outran their judgment conceived an idea that the late Jane Addams, professedly a pacifist, also figured as a Red revolutionist and an agent of Moscow. That statement was in one form or another introduced again and again, under "privilege to print," into the Congressional Record. I know not whether this woman, voted even before her death the most useful American of her sex, ever received any countertribute in those pages.

Going almost to the other extreme, I have twice faced untrue matter about myself in the Congressional Record which if printed elsewhere would have been grossly and even criminally libelous.

However, plain straightforward slander and libel on the floor and in the Record count for less in these disturbed days than the committee hearing. These hearings, too, are "privileged." Not only the testimony of the witnesses under oath but the questions, interpellations, and preliminary remarks of the committee members stand immune from the laws against slander and libel, no matter where quoted or published.

For more than a hundred years Congress used this method of getting at the facts behind a demand for legislation, and seldom abused it. Then, beginning in 1919, a series of inquiries into the conduct of the World War showed the way to a new use for the Congressional investigation.

Later, Harding died, leaving behind him the Teapot Dome and Veterans' Bureau scandals. The Republicans under Coolidge were cleaning house and wanted the country to know it. Hence the famous committee investigations. This was sensational matter. Newspapers of every shade of political opinion splashed it all over their front pages. Moreover, it brought home the political bacon.

CONGRESSMEN and senators took this lesson to heart. Here was a new loud-speaker for ballyhoo. Gradually committee hearings tended to pass from honest inquiry into facts to an agency for stirring up the public. They began to serve partisan and factional purposes. The new method did not really find itself, however, until the present administration came in with a landslide.

The Democrats had paid the penalties of an overwhelming victory. One of these penalties was a wild fringe with strong personal views on a number of topics. Eagerly these Solons grabbed at this new method for getting propaganda and press. Some of the early committee investigations amounted to sheer partisanship. The hearing on air-mail contracts, with the abortive executive action that followed, stands as a case in point. So does the investigation of Andrew W. Mellon's income. Preparations for the Securities Act gave occasion for a thorough muckraking of Wall Street, during which J. P. Morgan appeared as a suave witness. A circus midget got some publicity for herself by climbing on to his knees with photographers in action.

Certain progressive senators started agitation for a law holding us to strict neutrality in case of a war between foreign powers. Already a report that the firm of Morgan had forced Wilson into the World War in order to save its foreign loans was written into the radical gospel. Hence another grilling for that firm, with J. P. Morgan himself—minus the midget this time—questioned for days. The story filled the papers; and the ballyhoo put public sentiment behind the bill.

AN inquisitor of the power trust has been glorifying this process in the magazines as a benevolent extension of Congressional power. It would be, if the inquisitors were trying to get at the truth, or if they did. But the greater part of such investigations do not want the truth if it conflicts with the policy of the major faction in the committee; and the results are often misleading half-truths. And, except that it cannot impose punishment of fine, imprisonment, or beheading, the Congressional inquiry has all the privileges of Henry VIII's Star Chamber.

To be sure, these committees have minority members. But the oppositions in the Congresses of this administration have been smaller and more docile than in any other known to the memory of man. So the matter, if it be sensational enough, goes broadcast through the press bureaus to the newspapers. They print it, nation-wide. The American reader likes it. And since half-truths are the most dangerous lies, some of this "privileged" matter is as libelous, morally, as the hottest passages in the Congressional Record.

All this amounts to another extension of federal power. Congress, in the present administration, has ordered hearings on most aspects of American life which do not strike the fancy of the party in power; as, for example, the grilling of Dr. Townsend. It has not pried into the waste, extravagance, and political tie-ups of public relief, the collapse of such enterprises as the Passamaquoddy power project, and the eclipse of the civil service by the spoils system. This on the part of the Democrats. Of course the Republicans, when and if they come into power, will probably comport themselves no differently.

What the Congressional Record needs is a responsible editor. What the committee hearing needs is a set of rules giving witnesses the same chance to protect themselves that they enjoy in a court of law. And some device for giving the minority the right to launch an occasional investigation of their own—but then, politics being politics, that is crying for the moon.

THE END

A YOUNG MAN with Red HAIR

The Sparkling Story of a Treasure Hunt and a Tempest in a Tearoom

by

MARGARET WIDDEMER

READING TIME
23 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE red-haired peasant in the overalls suddenly stuck up out of Jane's lawn like six feet of sore thumb. He said, "Girl, if you think anybody going by in a galloping Ford can read *that*, you're nuts!"

Jane said bitterly, hanging on to a rung of the ladder like a kitten in pink gingham, "I was the best letterer in Miss Whittal's school. Kindly leave my lawn."

"Nothing to do with it," the peasant said. "Unless you're trying to hush up the fact that this *is* a Foodie Shoppie. Like the woman that went down an alley and called, 'Crabs for sale—I hope to goodness nobody hears me!'"

It was a beautiful black-and-gold sign in Old English saying brightly, "Tea—Toast—Tourists." Jane had worked two days on it.

Jane said, coming down the ladder so fast her blonde froth of hair flapped up and down, "I'm eighteen and this is my private house. Please go wherever you planned to before you got so excited about art."

"I've gone. I'm here! Waiting for the good old employers." Suddenly he did a cart wheel. He sat up and said, "My first job! Nut job but real money. Dredging up sand to find a fool buried treasure that's not there. Job, child! You hear? First month out of Tech!" He revolved again.

Jane said coldly, "I don't care to hear."

It did her good to be cold; it bucked her. She'd been living alone with Miss Lutetia and the Long Island landscape now for two weeks, and she was low. It wasn't being an orphan—she'd been one always and would have hated to change. Well, it was being an orphan, in a way. But her Trust Company that had all her money in trust had curled up and faded away. Right now, on top of graduation.

"*Completely* beggared?" Jane had demanded.

"I wouldn't say that." The lawyer had been reluctant. "With these mortgage investments one never knows. In time a portion may be recovered. And there is, of course, the old Cary homestead on the end of Long Island, which by the terms of the will it is impossible to alienate—"

"It sounds to *me* beggared—for the next ten years anyhow," Jane said decisively. And he had to agree with her.

"What do you do when absolutely beggared?" she demanded of a council of thrilled roommates.

"Really absolutely?" they shrilled. Blanche Bland, who was very bright, said, "All mom's girl friends that go broke sing in night clubs and start tearooms."

Jane hadn't a voice but she had a house.

It turned out to be a very nice stone farmhouse without much farm, with a marsh back of it and the Sound behind that. It had been kept up prayerfully, like a model, with warming pans and all hanging round, and all the antiques shiny. It was caretaken by a Miss Lutetia Lyder, who was about forty, with black eyes and horn spectacles and a spiky black bob, and simply a mania for ancestors.

She said, when Jane asked her if she would stay on and help with a tearoom, that her motto was Anything till she could turn around.

Jane's lawyer was unexpectedly all for it, when he saw Miss Lutetia. He said, "Considering that they've just put through this new road, your plan might be feasible."

So there they were, and Miss Lutetia was a grand cook. But running a tearoom meant that people could meet on your lawn and you couldn't send them away. There stood the peasant.

It was just an insignificant rusted iron box. Hiram had a hammer. "It'll smash," he said. "You willing, Jane?"

A horn tooted. The peasant said, "The employers!" and jumped up. "Hey, curtsy!"

The people cascaded out of the big new car. The fat girl who hadn't succeeded in looking like Hepburn said, "Why, Lord, it's Jane!"

And it *would* be Genevieve Todd, of course. The worst pill in school last year, by enthusiastic popular vote.

"I thought you were in England," Jane said.

"Just crossed day before yesterday," Genevieve said languidly. "Brought back Ronald."

Anybody would have brought back Ronald. One of those rather tired-looking Greek-goddy ones. Charm and athletic records and a sense of humor were written all over him. But Jane managed a very good dumb stare and "Which is Ronald?" though you could see that the other man and girl, who turned out to be Shirley and Arthur, were just a sort of hired chorus to yes Genevieve.

"Do you think the person who runs this bun hovel can put us up?" was Genevieve's sole answer. She had a new English accent thicker than a towrope. "We're on to something simply ripping out there. British treasure!"

"British treasure?" Jane said it over idiotically. She couldn't mean Ronald—

"Digging up treasures is the very *lahst* thing," said Genevieve proudly.

"It's *my* bun hovel," Jane said. "I don't think I can take you." She needed customers more than anything on earth. But, holy cats—Genevieve and her trained seals and this peasant! If it had been just Ronald, she would have paid him to come.

"What a nature!" said the red-haired peasant softly.

"Why, darling, of course you can," Genevieve said. "Let's see the rooms."

"Oh, I say, couldn't we have a spot of tea first?" Ronald said in a voice that simply went through you. And there was Miss Lutetia briskly putting things round on the little porch tables, having ears like a fox behind the front window.

After all, it was dumb not to sell tea, even to Genevieve.

They began telling her all at once when Miss Lutetia sent her out with the little sticky cinnamon buns.

"I was just about fed with everything," Genevieve said with her best languor.

"And we were on one of those silly treasure hunts where you have to bring in a constable's left ear and the dahlia off Queen Mary's hat," Ronald interrupted. "And we said—"

"We said we were *both* fed." (Genevieve *would* be twins with him.)

"And I have a silly post in the Admiralty," Ronald said, looking at Jane with his blue eyes. "And my cousin that wangled the post let me type the stuff out of the records and take photostats. A swell little treasure in the American War of '12! And Genevieve's dad said he'd stand for getting this sloop up; it looked as if it had been sunk close to the shore"

"But the shore line had changed for the better," said the peasant from the other table. Jane had forgotten all about him, but Miss Lutetia hadn't. They were holding an Old Home Week with some special tarts at the other little table. "I did the records in this neck of the woods because we'd always lived here."

"We got this Hiram Etherege cheap because he was just out of school and knew where to rent a secondhand dredge and lived round here," Genevieve said, as if he was the cat.

Hiram said woodenly, "Yes, marm." Miss Lutetia said severely, "Hiram!" But Hiram went on eating with no expression. Jane wanted to slap him—thinking himself so humorous! She also wanted to slap Genevieve.

"I have to know more about it before I consider taking you," she told Genevieve coldly.

They pulled out blueprints and type scripts.

"It was the pay roll for the British troops—"

"Or else the American troops that the British had legally captured; they aren't sure which—"

"*British* troops!" said Genevieve, fighting under the Union Jack for life.

"Well, anyway, this sloop captain pouched it," Ronald said hastily. "Off he made in his sloop with our fellows hot after him. And he slid up a creek near here, but our fellows sank him. Being a bit in a hurry, they sank the treasure too. All in the Admiralty records."

Jane couldn't help asking, "Where's the creek now?"

Hiram Etherege said, from under a wedge of marshmallow cake, "Creek itself's miles down now. Sea lines change."

"'Tisn't the creek that matters," Ronald explained. "The sloop."

"The sloop," Hiram confirmed, "is where the creek used to be; and the creek, naturally, was behind this house."

THEY had forgotten all about Miss Lutetia Ryder who was a D. A. R. regent and a Daughter of the Cincinnati and six other associations.

"Lemme see those photostats," commanded Miss Lutetia, and swept them to her. "H'mph. Thought so. Sloop Annabel, Jonathan Cary, master. I'm ashamed of you, Jane, not to know your own ancester that owned this place and makes you eligible for Daughters of 1812!"

Hiram said, "Um-h'm. Thought she knew."

Jane, feeling six feet high and tremendously conquering, said, "Then it's *my* treasure sloop!"

"It's a sloop the British had captured. It's British gold!" Genevieve screamed. "And anyway you're beggared. You said so!"

"I won't be if I dig up the sloop!"

"But you can't—that's just it, beggared people can't. Just a dog in the manger. I didn't think you were that mean."

Mean—this from Genevieve, who sold her old hats and kept a book on treats! Jane was about to put them all out when Ronald quietly took a hand.

"I'm beggared myself, Genevieve," he said pleasantly. "All in the same boat, eh, Jane? Or after the same boat. Joke! What about coming on in with us? Genevieve contributes the backing, I put in the charts, you stick in the permission."

They finally signed an impressive paper. Jane was to have a percentage of the treasure and anything that was her ancestor's private property. And the others were to board with her at sixty dollars a week apiece until the sloop was dug up.

© Marceau

MARGARET WIDDEMER

is a Pennsylvanian, of old American ancestry, and was born in an old stone rectory not far from Philadelphia. She was educated privately and started writing at an early age. Her first novel was a best seller and her second volume of collected poems won a Pulitzer prize. Since 1930 many of her short stories have appeared in leading magazines.

Jane had said sixty because it was so much less than you had to pay a week at the New York hotels she'd stayed at. "I was always a good bargainer," she said quite loudly, because she was scared. And mad. If she hadn't been more mad than scared she couldn't have stood it. Especially after Genevieve had been there three days.

She was crying in the kitchen from sheer fury when the red-haired peasant tramped in.

He lifted a red eyebrow. He said, "Sweet Genevieve?"

She said, "I'm crying for temper. Go away!"

He didn't go away; he patted her as if she was a puppy. He said, "Sure, I know. Being poor's a bother till you know how to handle it. Don't worry; you're doing fine. You have to get used to the Genevieves, just the way you do to traffic cops bawling you out. Snoot 'em when you can and take it when you can't, and remember it doesn't last and it doesn't mean a hoot in Hades."

JANE mopped her eyes and stared up at him. "I thought being beggared was amusing, but it isn't. You can't *do* things!"

"Sure you can do things—if you have guts, which you have or you wouldn't be tackling this job. And sense. The Carys all had; you may have yourself; you never know. You poor little critter, it must be tough for you after always being silk-lined. But it needn't last. 'Tisn't going to with me, I can tell you."

"You?"

"Sure, me. I'm almost human," said the peasant. But his voice wasn't mean. "Mom was left with us kids. Kept boarders, sewed, raised us to do anything we could find. I've worked myself through school and Tech. The others are going to, too. And we'll leave the dumb Genevieves in the mud back of us! That's America."

Just old patriotic bound-to-rise stuff. But it bucked her somehow. She filled Genevieve's china ewer with the hot water Genevieve had ordered as if she was a chambermaid and banged on Genevieve's bedroom door. When Genevieve opened it, she said sternly, "I signed up to board you, but I didn't sign up to see you kept clean. After this you get your own hot water and like it."

So Genevieve got her own hot water—or rather her slave Shirley got it for her—after that. But there was something else she didn't take or like:

Ronald being as nice to Jane as he was to Genevieve, or more so. Ronald talking easily to Jane under the blossoming apple trees in the side yard.

Genevieve strode up to them, her full-moon face scarlet under the Hepburn mop. She said in a voice she didn't succeed in making casual, "Ronald, there's something I want to show you where the Hiram one is dredging. You go on. I'll be there in a minute."

He smiled and shrugged and went. Jane said nothing at all.

"Ronald belongs to me!" Genevieve pointed out in a voice like a saw.

"Going to chain him up nights?" Jane asked sweetly, "or just lock him down cellar?"

"You're to lay off him," Genevieve said. "His people expect it, and all."

"If it's like that, why don't you whistle to him and get out?" Jane asked, her own cheeks burning. (It was better than if Genevieve was a traffic cop bawling her. You could answer Gen back, and did it feel good!) "I'd rather save up the sloop for me anyhow. I'll get round to raising it next year."

"I'm going to stay. You've signed a paper!" Genevieve said, and burst fatly into loud tears and ran away.

Jane had no time to triumph, because tea hounds bayed. She served them with such a furious expression that they were cowed into leaving big tips. Jane avidly put them into the mantelpiece pig.

"Don't break it," said Hiram, grinning from the door. "But I'll tell you what I *would* do. I'd cede her the Ronnie. He's not so hot, and besides, it's not patriotic. Use home products."

"You're just nasty because he is so hot. And what

were you doing, eavesdropping?"

"Me and everybody else within a mile. You and Genevieve shouldn't compete for Ronnie in the side yard."

"You are the most boorish and insulting man I have ever met," Jane told him. "Please leave this room."

That night she went and got herself a lot of extra hot water, and took a second bath. She put on the little white Chanel sports number she had sternly hung away, and walked out in the moonlight. Genevieve had ordered everybody to come to the movies with her, so Jane knew she could be sure of a little peace and loneliness.

She sank down against the sand hump by the marsh piece. It was a beastly world for all it looked so romantic and beautiful under the June moon.

Then all of a sudden Ronald came around the sand hump like a marble moonlit statue in flannels. He said softly, "Jane!"

Jane said, "I think Genevieve must be looking for you. Run along before mama spanks!"

He threw himself down by her and said in an odd strained voice, "Don't be nasty, Jane. You don't *feel* nasty to me, you know."

She said, "How do you know?" But he did know. What she felt was that he was the grandest male in the world. If only he would say--only men couldn't—"To hell with Genevieve! I worship the sand you walk on!"

WHAT he did say was, "Going to tell you about me, Jane." He went on talking very quietly and gently. "We have a big old place and nothing a year to keep it up with. Three boys younger than me. This old cousin, one of the best, if grumpy, pulled me through Eton and Cambridge and stuck me in the Admiralty. . . . Just one answer to seein' the kids through and keepin' the mother out of bein' a hatshop drudge or being a slave to some poisonous rich cousin. Money. This treasure hunt's the only earthly—"

"Oh, Ronald—"

She put her hands out, and he suddenly bent and snatched them.

Somebody was whistling loudly and offensively behind the sand hump. The magic moment was smashed.

"Sorry," said the red-haired peasant, strolling out in his overalls. "No way of knowing the sand was in use."

His voice was nasty. He strolled off, head elaborately turned away.

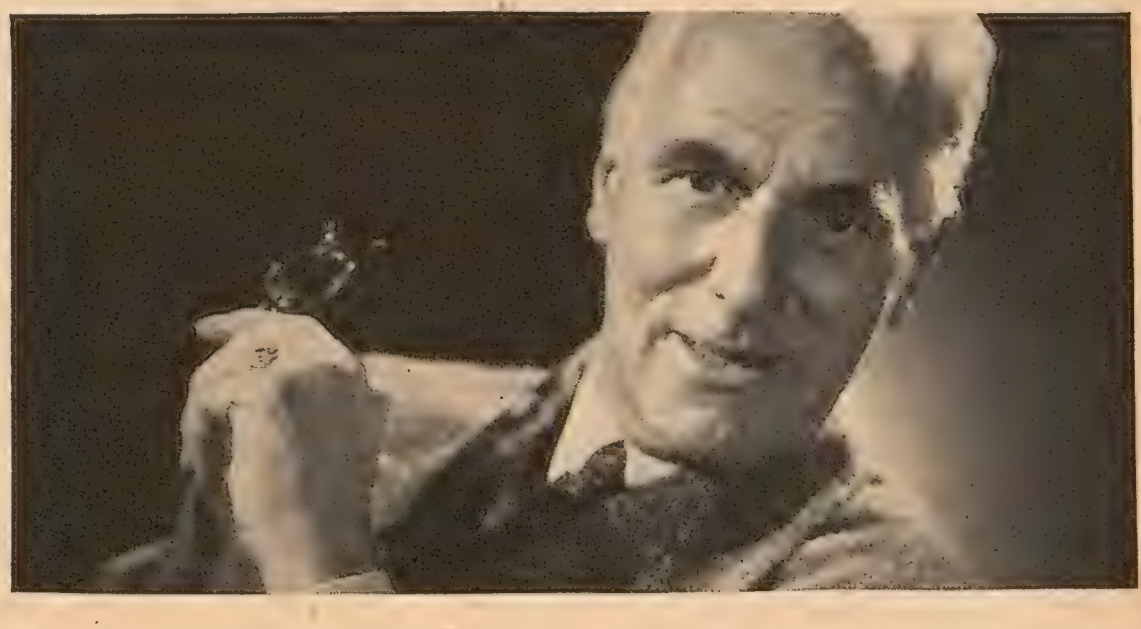
"I must go in," Jane said. She ran back. "I understand," she said breathlessly, lifting her flushed face.

Ronald said, "Jane, you angel!" and kissed her.

Jane did her work in the days following, feeling as if she was in a rather edgy paradise. She and Ronald were very quiet with each other. They only looked at each other once in a while. They knew.

Meanwhile the word went round about the treasure hunt. There was a piece in a New York paper. Jane and Miss Lutetia were worked off their

Let's see what the doctor says about laxatives



YOUR doctor has spent a great part of his life studying and healing human ills. As sympathetic as he is with his patients, he is strictly a scientist in his attitude towards health. He has, for instance, certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before giving it his approval. These requirements are listed below. Please read them carefully.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A GOOD LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THIS TEST AT EVERY POINT

Next time you need a laxative remember this: Ex-Lax fulfills the doctor's requirements at *every* point. Doctors everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own families. Mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust for over 30 years. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, it has steadily risen in public confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the whole world.

PROVE THE DOCTOR'S POINTS YOURSELF

Try Ex-Lax. See how mild and gentle it is—how thorough. Find out for yourself how easy it works. No upset stomach. No pain. No nausea. Ex-Lax is intended only to help Nature—and to do it without shock or violence. And as important as all these advantages are to you, remember that they are *doubly* important to your children.

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If you have been taking nasty, druggy-tasting laxatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually *enjoy* taking it. And it is just as good for them as it is for adults.

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feet. Jane's lawyer wrote her a cross letter about it. In fact he wrote her three other crosser letters, but that was all right, because she did what she always had—put them unopened somewhere where she could say they'd been mislaid when he finally telephoned or came. There was a very good hole in one of the kitchen dressers. Jane shoved them in along with the hand-painted bed jacket Blanche had sent her from Paris, and went on working herself to death. She dropped into bed at night like a rag. And yet she couldn't help feeling that this teahouse business *had* something.

"You got a natural business drive, like all the Carys," Miss Lutetia said.

"You got faculty," Hiram said to her, coming in suddenly one evening. She had forgotten all about the dredging. She was sitting with her tongue caught between her teeth, adding up at the old dining-room secretary. "Guess it's inherited. They say your great-grandmother always had her wash out two hours ahead of the other women."

Jane said absently but haughtily, "My grandmother never washed."

"Well, lots of people had that kind of grandmother," said Hiram. "Rise above it. But what I came to tell you is that the sloop's ribs are showing."

Jane jumped up with a scream. She ran out to where the others stood round as reverently as if it was a deathbed.

"It'll be a week before we get the captain's cabin uncovered," Hiram said.

"Isn't it the most romantic, thrilling thing on earth?" Genevieve sighed.

"I'm going to charge extra," Jane said, "if the tea hounds want to view the sloop."

The tea hounds paid the week through without a murmur. Miss Lutetia said it ought to most pay the fall taxes.

It was late one afternoon when the sloop's cabin was finally uncovered. Jane left four tea hounds and came running at Hiram's call. The tea hounds didn't mind; they ran too, and Jane forgot to charge them.

"Hey, Ronald—Arthur," Hiram was yelling, "get down here and help with this thing! I think it's the ship's safe!"

There was three quarters of an hour's agony before they got it up and out and in the middle of the round table in the sitting room. The tea hounds almost had to be beaten off with a club.

ANYTHING that had cost all that trouble couldn't be so little—that was the first thing Jane felt. It was just an insignificant rusted little square iron box. Hiram had a hammer.

"It'll smash," he said. "You willing, Jane?"

"Willing?"

"You're all the Cary there is."

That made it real and almost too exciting to bear.

He brought the hammer down on it. It came apart, all flakes, at the second blow, and the insides lay on the patchwork table cover. There were two packages. They had red seals, which Jane broke.

"Ship's papers," Hiram said, riffling over the bigger one. He gave them to Ronald, who looked them through and passed them to Jane again.

"Master's license, clearances, and some old receipts," he said. "All in order. Jonathan Cary's sloop, all right." Their hands touched. Jane's were like ice but Ronald's were burning.

She handed him the other package. It was heavy. Her hands shook.

Gold—

It was a metal box. He took an old watch out of it, and handed it back to her. He put his hand in again, and looked blank at what he took out. Then his face brightened.

"It's currency," he said.

Genevieve squealed.

"It's the treasure—it's the treasure! Ronald, we'll all be *roll*ing!"

Ronald bent closer, looking puzzled. "I'm not sure—" he began.

Miss Lutetia, whom they had all forgotten, shoved him aside.

"Don't any of you know any American history?" she demanded scornfully. "I sh'd think you and Jane would know somethin', Hiram, at least. Don't you know Continental money when you see it?"

"What's Continental money?" asked Gen. She grabbed at it.

"Continental money," Miss Lutetia said grimly, "was what the British druv our poor sufferin' troops to bein' paid with. Congress issued it. Congresses was mostly the same as they is now. Wherever the British got this from, young man, this is about a hundred thousand in Continental currency."

"But is it good? Is it redeemable?" shrilled Genevieve.

"Hain't you ever heard any one say 'Not worth a Continental'?" she demanded grimly.

THERE was a silence round the table as they all stared at the stained scattered crumbly papers. Then Genevieve burst into loud sobs. Shirley and Arthur rallied up to soothe her. Ronald stood like a statue.

Jane did not dare look at him. She unlocked the door very quietly, and went out into the kitchen. She said, with her chin high, "Got to see about supper."

She did not see about supper. It wasn't time. She sat down on the kitchen stool by the table. She got up again and grabbed the silly crumbly receipts she had dropped on it and went and pushed them into the place under the kitchen dresser where she'd shoved the lawyer's letters and Blanche's silly bed jacket and everything she didn't want to see around. She went back and sat down on the kitchen stool and stared ahead of her. Ronald would come in presently to tell her that he was throwing over his duty to his family and the old place and all for her.

Her hands gripped each other. She must try to be brave and say he mustn't. She must say that, for the present anyway, they mustn't be romantic and wild. She must say—what was true, queerly enough—that she wanted to go on a little longer with her tearoom.

The door opened. It was only the peasant. He looked very tall and grim. He had on oddly good clothes. He looked just like anybody else. Jane supposed he had come to say good-by. He was probably—what did the movies call it?—goin' sparkin'. He didn't care what happened to her. Why should he? He had his money for dredging.

He said, instead, "You poor kid, just as you thought you were back on the band wagon again! Where are your papers? Those receipts may be worth something."

"Under the dresser," she said.

"Rotten housekeeping," he said sternly, but he fished them out and sat down across from her. He folded up the bed jacket neatly. He began to sort.

"What is—what are they doing?" she asked him.

"Sweet Genevieve," he said, "has finished cursing out you and me and Miss Lutetia and the British Foreign Office. As I left she was beginning—with devoted interludes—on Ronald. Shirley and Arthur are running round saying, 'Oh my fur and whiskers! The Duchess! The Duchess!' like the White Rabbit."

"And Ronald?"

"Ronald is trying to quiet Genevieve down. Look here, kid"—he didn't look up from the papers—"you know he's different from us."

She wouldn't let him know she knew what he meant. Anyway, why need he stand up for Ronald? If her heart and Ronald's heart had to break, and Ronald had to do his duty, what business was it of the peasant's? And somehow it all seemed like a play or something.

"I know he is. Do throw that stuff away."

"Don't be a nitwit; might be a receipt for Trinity churchyard or the Woolworth Tower or something. I've done a lot of work with this sort of thing; you always want to keep it. What are these—bills? You mustn't put bills away unopened; it's bad for your credit. You should open them and acknowledge them and spread out what cash you have over all of them—"

"Oh, shut up! Open them yourself! They're only let-

ters from my lawyer saying I mustn't get into the papers with your horrible old dredge."

He opened them. His face looked queer. After a long minute he said, "That isn't what he's saying."

"Then he's had a change of heart. What is it? Does he want to buy antiques?"

"He writes," said the red-haired peasant in a religious sort of voice, "that some of your investments have come back. He says he told you they would maybe in time, but they've hurried more than he guessed they would. He says it isn't what it was, but it's quite a competence. He says which they are. I suppose your competence would be what I'd call about three fortunes. The rest of the letters are just cross but resigned about your never writing, same as ever. If he doesn't hear he'll be down next Monday afternoon."

There was another long silence. Hiram Etherege looked unsmilingly down at Jane and said sharply, "Good-by."

He looked very distinguished suddenly, standing over her, but very cross.

Jane said, she couldn't imagine why, "I suppose you're going to see your girl."

"Why do you?" He said it more angrily than she'd ever heard him.

"Way you're all dressed."

"I dress like other people now and then," said the peasant. "I suppose it was what Miss Lutetia tells me is my nasty Etherege pride made me stick to the overalls with your high-hat crowd."

"Don't include me! That's like you!"

He said violently, "You don't know what's like me. You don't know anything about me at all, and what of it, you would say? Nothing at all. Good-by." Suddenly he grabbed her. He kissed her. He nearly shook her as he let her go and said, "Good-by—farewell insult from the peasantry. Probably won't see you again—heaven forbid! If I had sense I wouldn't want to marry you for a million dollars!"

He was gone, with the farewell insult ringing about the room and in Jane's ears and all over Jane and up and down her spine.

SHE sat very still indeed. She sat and sat and sat. The room went around. Something queer was happening inside of Jane. She felt as if she was a kaleidoscope that somebody had just tipped over. All the patterns were shaking into other patterns. The green glass and the yellow and pink glass were other kinds of glass.

She heard the door open again. She looked up. Ronald. Ronald, at last! Ronald, more like the young god in white trousers than ever, hurrying over to her, saying, "Jane!" excitedly in his wonderful voice.

Something was wrong. The flags and bands and thrills didn't ravage Jane. She stared up at him. Funny—peculiar. Nothing!

"Jane, the Etherege man said there was something wonderful you had to tell me. Something that meant a lot—"

She went on staring at him.

"Jane?" The beautiful crisp voice saying her name was as beautiful and crisp as ever. But it didn't do anything to her spine. It might have been a radio voice doing morning exercises.

"Tell me, little Jane—"

"Tell you?" Jane stood up and threw back her blonde froth and looked him in the deep-blue eyes. "All right. What I had to tell you was that I'm planning on marrying Hiram Etherege if it's humanly possible. Not sure, but I'm going to try like the devil."

"Jane—"

There was coldness and pity and scorn and reproach, any amount of things, in fact, in the thrilling word, but she didn't take time to sort them out. She was going on talking in a clear voice: "And his kid brothers have worked through college on their own. And his ancestral acres have darn well gone for the mortgage, if he had any. And I'm going on keeping a swell tearoom and he's going to be the best American engineer on earth. I've gone all patriotic."

THE END

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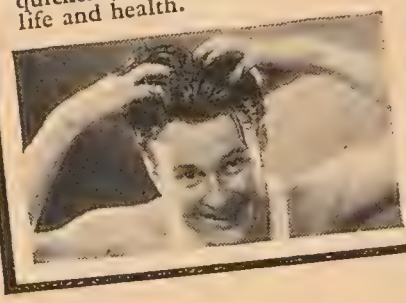

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HOUSE OF LIVING HELL

At Last, from Within Its Grimly Guarded Walls, a True Picture of Alcatraz—Why Its Most Famous Prisoner, Al Capone, Was Stabbed

by

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and
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READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

"SAILOR" LOOMIS wasn't the toughest crook in the world; but he was pretty tough, at that. He was kicked out of the navy with a bad-conduct discharge before he was out of his teens. After that he was in reformatories, city and county jails, and state penitentiaries. He was in Folsom prison that Thanksgiving Day of 1927 when the riot started in which more than a dozen men were killed. Later he aided "Creepy" Wilson and Frankie Miller in an attempt to escape.

Discharged in September, 1929, he was arrested five months later charged with robbery. He knew that if he were convicted he would get life. So he told government detectives he was a counterfeiter, and led them to a cache of counterfeiting paraphernalia owned by some friends of his. He pleaded guilty, believing he would be sentenced to not more than eighteen months. The judge said, "Seven years."

"Seven years?" cried Loomis. "Why the hell don't you make it ten? I can take it."

"And a fine of ten thousand dollars," said the judge.

"The Sailor" started battling the court attendants. He was sent to McNeil Island with leg irons and handcuffs on him.

"Here's a tough guy," the marshal told the head keeper. "Break him."

"Sure," the keeper said. "We'll put him in the hole."

The "hole" at McNeil Island is a big cage with three cells. There's a convenient hook on the wall, on which a convict may be hung up by his cuffs. For three days Loomis remained there. On the fourth day a guard asked if he wanted to get out. Loomis told him to go to hell. On the fifth day the guard brought a mop to the cell.

"Clean that floor," he said.

"Nuts to you," Loomis said. "Do it yourself."

For three days Loomis was handcuffed to the hook.

He was at McNeil from October 19, 1929, until July 6, 1931, and was sent to the hole seven times. On July 6 he and twenty-seven other tough guys were taken to Leavenworth penitentiary. There Loomis spent a lot of time in the hole. But he liked Leavenworth. He had a beautiful cell. He made it beautiful. He forged a requisition to obtain paint, and painted his cell green and ivory white, with black borders. He forged an order for lumber and built himself some shelves. He and his cellmate had good beds, an easy chair, a radio, and an aquarium of tropical fish.

The work was easy, and a guy could knock off now and then and loaf. He got pay for work. He could talk all the time. He could buy newspapers and magazines. He could read in his cell, and write letters.

He was in the hole when the news was made public that the Department of Justice had taken over the island prison of Alcatraz in San Francisco Bay and incorrigibles would be sent there and given a new stern discipline.

It was a joke in Leavenworth. Many men volunteered to go; but only the toughest of the tough were to be sent. Loomis was not much surprised when a guard tagged him in the yard and locked him up in Cell House C.

Al Capone. Many prisoners hate him.

The Alcatraz shoeshop. Capone takes his turn in it.

His arrival at Alcatraz, in one of these cars on a barge.

The island from the air. Arrow: "On the roof of one building, in great yellow letters, is the name Alcatraz."

On September 1, 1934, the men were told to put all their personal effects into envelopes. At half past nine lights went out and they went to bed. But between two and three o'clock every light in C house flashed on. The men stepped out into the corridor, naked. They were marched downstairs, where they were given moccasins, new blue overalls, and blue shirts. Leg irons were placed on all, but there weren't enough handcuffs to go around. Loomis was shackled to Joe Allen—destined to be the first convict to die at Alcatraz—but neither was handcuffed.

The passengers for the "Rockbound Special" were marched out of the prison in pairs. Two by two, they were herded into the cars. One man was carried. He had purposely fractured his leg to escape the ride, but the prison doctor had put it in splints. Men selected for Alcatraz were going there, dead or alive.

Two prisoners occupied a seat. If they went to the washroom, the guards went with them. They were not allowed to stand up, or to lie down at night, or to read. They were allowed to smoke and to talk. The food was good. They ate with paper spoons. Guards were everywhere, armed with riot guns.

At San Francisco the "Special" was shunted on to a barge. A tug towed the barge toward the island. A coast-guard cutter, the prison launch, and the U. S. S. McDowell, all bristling with men and guns, acted as convoy.

IT was early morning when the men got their first sight of the gray rocky island and the gray chrome-steel buildings that constitute the prison. On the roof of one building, in great yellow letters, is the name Alcatraz.

The men began to chatter. One had two brothers in Alcatraz; this would be like old home week. The man next him was choosing his cellmate and getting ready for a soft job. And a third man was already planning his escape.

The barge came alongside the wharf. Men in uniform approached. Guards shackled each prisoner separately. Others stood watch, guns ready.

From the wharf a name was called. The number added to it was lost in the rising murmur of the convicts.

"Silence!"

The murmur subsided as a convict stepped forward.

Other names were called, other numbers: names and numbers of kidnapers, killers, desperadoes, the toughest guys in the United States—the spew of Leavenworth. A guard reached up and took a cigarette from a convict's mouth.

"There will be no smoking or talking," Warden Johnston of Alcatraz announced. "Do as you're told and you'll get along. Otherwise—"

When every man had answered to his name and stepped out on to the wharf, the leg irons were taken off and the command to march was given. Up two steep flights of steps they went, steps hewn out of the rock—one hundred and twenty steps to the gate. A guard signaled. A guard in the nearest tower answered. The gate was opened by a third guard with a key. The prisoners marched in. The gate closed behind them, and locked.

Inside the prison the personal possessions of the convicts were turned over, receipted for, and filed. Warden Johnston asked each man, "Whom shall we notify in case of your death? What relative?"

"Notify the undertaker," Loomis answered flippantly. "I have no relatives."

The answer was jotted down. The prisoner was marched downstairs, made to undress and bathe, and then thoroughly examined. Narcotic addicts might smuggle drugs into other prisons. Not into Alcatraz.

A guard handed Loomis a pair of number eight shoes.

"I wear size six," Loomis said.

"You'll wear what we give you," said the guard. He fumbled at a pile of gray overalls. "Do you want them too large or too small?"

"Make 'em fit me," Loomis said contemptuously.

The guard's eyes glinted. "Take these and like 'em," he said.

When Loomis had finished dressing he was started toward a cell block. He was now No. 187.

His cell was on the second tier—on "Broadway"; the corridor separating the two cell blocks was so called because bright lights flooded it at night. He had to go through three steel-barred doors first, with a guard who signaled to other guards. Men eyed him from behind bulletproof glass in little compartments. Overhead mirrors enabled the guards to watch him all the time. They could even see him approaching around a corner.

It took three men to get him past each door. The guard with him signaled. The turnkey returned the signal. The man in the bulletproof compartment pressed a button, and a metal slide covering the keyhole was released. After the door was locked the keyhole was covered again. No chance of escape through these doors! Even a gun jabbed into a turnkey's back wouldn't open them—not with that slide covering the keyhole.

Loomis found himself in Broadway. He could see the guards in two cages, one at either end of the cell block. There was a catwalk in each cage, a man on each catwalk, and a machine gun nestling in the crook of each man's arm.

Sullen-faced prisoners stared as Loomis passed down Broadway. None of them smiled; none greeted him.

He walked into Cell 179. The door clanged shut behind him. He looked around. There was bare concrete beneath his feet. Latticework bars comprised the cell's front. The other walls were of solid steel. An old iron bunk was suspended from one wall by two chains. Opposite was a metal chair, also fastened to the wall. The steel had been covered with whitewash. It was old, dirty,

flaking off. Near the bunk was a board shelf on which were two tin cups, a toothbrush, tooth powder, soap, and a towel.

Loomis took off his big shoes and threw himself on the bed. He went fast asleep, and slept through a signal. A guard stepped in and shook him.

" You don't sleep at mealtime. This is Alcatraz. Get that through your head. Every man here goes to the dining room three times a day, whether he eats or not."

Loomis marched down to the dining room. He was doled out soup, veal fricassee, mashed potatoes, string beans. There was coffee on the table, bread, salt, pepper, and vinegar. Each man poured his own coffee—one cup. Each man was supposed to eat everything on his plate. If he didn't, he went without at the next meal.

None of the Leavenworth prisoners sat together. There were ten tables on each side of the dining room. Twenty-four guards were stationed at strategic points, all armed with combination sap-gas pistols. In a gun cage on an elevated runway that commanded the room there was a man with a submachine gun. From the wall hung a number of cylindrical metal " pineapples " containing a nauseating gas. A guard in the gallery could release them by touching a button.

The men entered the dining room at 11.30. Promptly at 11.50 a whistle sounded. The men went back to their cells. Loomis sat down in his bunk. He had no tobacco, nothing to read. He couldn't talk. He couldn't see any one. Supper from 4.30 to 4.50. Lights out at 9.30. He would be up at 6 A. M. From 6.30 to 6.50, breakfast.

Every thirty minutes a guard looked in on him, made a notation in a book, and passed on. He tried to sleep. The light in his cell went out, but the corridor lay in blinding light.

For seventeen days Loomis went through this routine. Once a week he was given a sack of tobacco, a packet of cigarette papers, and a small box of matches. Twice a guard came to his cell, gave him a dull razor, and watched him while he shaved. On the eighteenth day he was marched to the print shop. He welcomed the opportunity to work; but he was clumsy and his work was bad. He was told the rules. There would be a three-minute rest period at half past nine, and another in the afternoon. During these he might talk and smoke. He must do a certain amount of work. If he didn't finish it today he must make it up tomorrow. Failing, he would lose certain privileges.

He was sent to the renovating plant the next day; and after that to the laundry. Convicts are always being shifted, to keep them from forming close friendships. When they assemble in the yard, they are not allowed to form groups of more than two. Loomis began to understand that Alcatraz is tougher than its toughest inmate.

FOR years he had admired one man above all others—the bloody Al Capone. He met him one day in the shoe shop. The rubber heels on Loomis's oversized shoes had come loose, and a guard gave him permission to have new heels put on. Capone was working in the shoe shop at the time, and it was he who did the job. Loomis was impressed. Here was a man who had had his own way with the cops for many years, who had had men massacred in wholesale lots, who had taken something like sixty million dollars out of the booze and vice rackets—and he was just an ordinary prisoner in Alcatraz, no better than Loomis himself.

Loomis took a chance and whispered to Capone. But the former king of Chicago was cautious. Loomis saw him again several times—once occupied a dungeon cell adjoining his. But he never got " close " to him. No one gets close to any one else in Alcatraz.

One day in the yard Loomis heard machine-gun fire. He was startled. " Only the guards on the wall," he was told, " shooting at a boat that came too close. No boat's allowed within three hundred feet of the shore."

Frequently there were fogs, and at such times the men were kept in their cells.

Some time after Loomis came, " the bug " was installed—an instrument that detects the presence of metal in the clothes or on the person of any one passing it.

After ninety days of gray monotony and stern routine, he began to expect a visit from his mother or his sister. He had received a few letters, but the " mail robber " had rewritten them on brown paper and boiled them down to a few words.

" You're a sap," a friend told him. " You came in here trying to show off. You said you had no relatives. Anybody wanting to see you has to write the attorney general and make an application. Then she comes to San Francisco and shows her pass. She's searched before she gets on the prison boat and after she lands here. She's watched every minute. And when she gets here and says she's your mother or your sister, she's told, ' You can't pull that stuff here. Loomis has no living relatives.' "

Months later Loomis learned his sister had made two attempts to visit him—and had been suspected.

" But when you do see some one you know, you don't know her," Loomis's friend went on. " You only see her eyes, through holes in a thick sheet of glass. And her voice sounds tinny because of the speaking apparatus, and yours sounds funny as hell, and guards listen to every word you say. My gal came to see me, and I thought she was somebody else trying to frame me."

THANKSGIVING DAY passed as any other day to the convicts. The fact enraged them. Some one obtained a paper and pencil—which was against the rules—drafted a petition to the warden asking that the convicts might have movies, signed it, and passed it to others. It reached Loomis, and he had just signed his own name and forged half a dozen other signatures when a guard walked in and caught him.

They put irons on his ankles, led him far down into a dungeon dug out long ago by the United States army to serve for storing gunpowder, thrust him into a cell, and left him there.

There were no windows, no ventilators. The walls were moist with seepage. There was no bunk, and there were legions of great rats that, in the darkness, seemed big as cats. For the first time Loomis knew fear. It was so dark, so still. And those rats! He was afraid to lie down. He slept sitting up. He spent hours walking the floor, taking little steps because of his hobbles.

He didn't know it then, but Capone was in the dungeon next to him and Bill Colyer was in the one beyond. Colyer was a desperate man. He had once tried to escape from Leavenworth and had been shot. He hated Capone. He was one of many who did. Nearly half the men in Alcatraz were bitter enemies of Capone, it seemed to Loomis, or else warm friends.

Capone and Colyer were working in the laundry. Capone was feeding the mangle. Colyer wanted the damp clothes run through it a second time. Capone said no. Colyer, in sudden fury, threw them in Capone's face. Capone bellowed with rage, hit Colyer between the eyes, then threw him over the mangle. The guards came rushing in. Both men were given ten days in the hole.

There are many men doing time in Alcatraz whose friends were slaughtered by Capone henchmen. There are others, like Jimmy Lucas, who hate him on general principles. It was Lucas who stopped Capone last June.

Capone was sorting laundry at the time. Lucas was going into the barbershop. He saw Capone, grabbed up a pair of scissors, rushed down a corridor. Capone was leaning over a laundry basket. Lucas stabbed him in the left side of the back. Capone whirled around and felled Lucas with a blow. Then the two battled for the scissors until guards came. Lucas went to the hole, Capone to the prison hospital. Capone said Lucas had been asking for money for his friends. Lucas denied that. He said Capone was a " squealer " and a " yellow rat." Capone got a reputation as a " squealer " when he refused to join an attempted " strike," terming it silly.

Lucas is serving thirty years for robbing a bank. He robbed the bank shortly after escaping from the Huntington, Texas, prison. He was serving life in Huntington, charged with murderous assault. He was still in the hole at Alcatraz when Capone left the hospital.

Loomis was present in the yard when a former member of the Tuohy kidnaping gang rushed toward Capone with a baseball bat. Capone's friends went to work on the Tuohy man, and guards took him to the hole.

The baseball bat and other equipment had been furnished as an experiment. Warden Johnston thought the men ought to have some relaxation. But the men fought over possession of the playthings like so many surly boys. And there were days of fog when they couldn't play.

Thinking to relieve the monotony of these days, Capone sought an interview with the warden, and said in his humblest manner:

"Sir, if you'll install a radio receiving set, I'll be glad to buy a headset for every cell on the island."

"Any time the government wants headsets installed in Alcatraz," the warden answered, "they'll be installed without aid from you."

Gradually other relaxations were provided. Books and magazines were permitted—after everything pertaining to crime or sex had been cut out of them. A band was organized, with the warden's hearty co-operation. Capone offered to donate fifteen hundred dollars toward the purchase of band instruments, but the warden again refused. There were some instruments on the island; others were bought by the government. The band gave one or two concerts, and the convicts were enthusiastic. Then, because some musician or other had to go to the hole every so often, the band disintegrated.

Those who wished to study were offered correspondence courses in advanced mathematics, English, spelling, and "better citizenship." But, because most of the men made a joke of this by signing up for the last-mentioned course, the matter was dropped.

JIMMY GROVES, a military prisoner serving forty-five years for attempted murder, and "Whitey" Lewis were the only two who "beat Alcatraz" while Loomis was there. Both cut their wrists with safety-razor blades mysteriously obtained. Both recovered.

Groves was sent to the insane ward, and later transferred to another federal institution. Lewis, who also went crazy, was transferred to Leavenworth bearing the label "stir bug." He'll be there until his twelve-year sentence ends.

Joe Bowers tried another way. Eluding the watchful guards, he scaled the cyclone fence. A machine gun cut him down.

Loomis was "dressed out" of Alcatraz recently and discharged.

"And I'm going straight from now on," he says. "I ain't so tough as I used to be. I ain't going back to Alcatraz if I can help it. Alcatraz kills a man or drives him crazy. And the tougher you are, the tougher they make it for you there. Tough? I never knew what the word meant until I'd been in Alcatraz awhile. Don't let 'em fool you; nobody's got a chance there, nobody can beat the system, nobody can get away from the place except by dying—or making a damn good attempt to die."

THE END

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"Sailing peacefully in the summer moonlight one minute . . . in the teeth of a squall the next! Almost without warning, the whole crowd of us found ourselves suddenly in the water and far from shore. With the first gust of the storm the mast had shattered and the boat capsized," writes D. E. Medlock.

"One couple couldn't swim. They went down together, locked in each others' arms . . . But the boy had my Eveready flashlight in his hand. The light continued to burn and he hung onto it as the two of them slowly spiraled down toward the bottom in a well of light.

"Thus, I was able to dive for them and to get them back to the surface. Then, with the same water-logged light, I was able to signal the shore for the rescuers who finally came to our aid.

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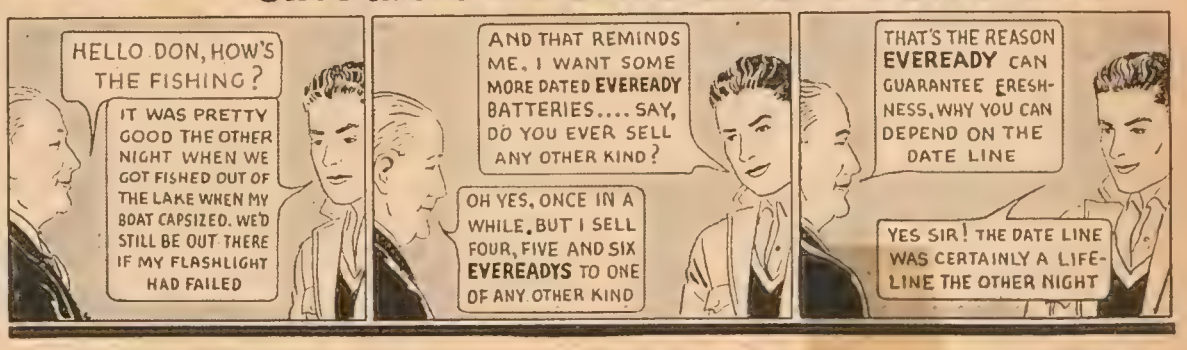

HELLO DON, HOW'S THE FISHING?
IT WAS PRETTY GOOD THE OTHER NIGHT WHEN WE GOT FISHED OUT OF THE LAKE WHEN MY BOAT CAPSIZED. WE'D STILL BE OUT THERE IF MY FLASHLIGHT HAD FAILED
AND THAT REMINDS ME, I WANT SOME MORE DATED EVEREADY BATTERIES.... SAY, DO YOU EVER SELL ANY OTHER KIND?
OH YES, ONCE IN A WHILE, BUT I SELL FOUR, FIVE AND SIX EVEREADYS TO ONE OF ANY OTHER KIND
THAT'S THE REASON EVEREADY CAN GUARANTEE FRESHNESS, WHY YOU CAN DEPEND ON THE DATE LINE
YES SIR! THE DATE LINE WAS CERTAINLY A LIFE-LINE THE OTHER NIGHT

THE Meek SHALL INHERIT

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

THE first three days out of Cherbourg he spent in odd corners of the ship, mooning sadly and alone—a young man with a load of sorrow, shunning his fellows, courting anonymity.

So that before even the third day had dawned there were few on board who had not heard (the feminine grapevine officiating) that this was George Priell, "grandson of T. P. Priell, the automobile man, my dear." That this was "the rich young man who was engaged to the beautiful Joan Fitz, who simply jilts him at the altar every time, my dear." That "the latest was in Paris only the other day, and a thousand people invited and at the church. No wonder he looks so sad, poor thing!"

The evening of that third day, George Priell fled. To the sternmost part of the topmost deck he fled, since there is small choice of fleeing space in a ship. And there he came upon the one person of female persuasion on board whom he had neither met—formally or by dropped belonging—been invited to play ping-pong with, nor insinuated into bridge.

She was leaning against the rail there, pencil and drawing pad in hand, eying the molten silver of the moon upon the sea with a cool and professional eye. Which was not according to nature, her eyes being large and dark and blue, and professional coolness alien to them as to the molten silver of moons on swelling seas.

George, however, did not notice. He had come around the ventilators impulsively enough, to stumble over the girl; and in pulling up, in steadying her, steadying himself, new confusion was added to his old.

"Pardon me," he said—"ah—pardon."

Calmly the girl appraised him.

"Why, it's Hamlet," she murmured. "I'm trying to catch the pattern of the moonlight on the waves. It's nice, isn't it? As though you could skate over it. Good for some one's evening frock. I do fabric designs, you see."

George hesitated on one foot and then the other.

"If," the girl said, "this is the one safe corner for you, you'll just have to share it with me until I've finished. Sorry, but this is my bread and butter, and important. Ever hear about bread and butter?"

"You eat it," George said mildly. "I do."

The girl turned her dark-blue eyes on him again. "Do you, now?" she murmured. "I'd have thought you were brought up on cake."

"I was brought up on aunts," George assured her politely.

"Heavens! You ate them?"

"It was the other way round—unless I ate the bread and butter."

George sought her out. She happened to be playing shufflebo

George smiled through his melancholy. The girl soberly nodded.

"I see," she said, squinting severely at her pencilings. "It's bad for my work to give me such a jolt."

And George instantly sank once more to meekness. He mumbled that he was sorry. That he would go. And earned a stern frown.

"At that," the girl said, "I really believe you would go. That's what is wrong with you. You're intelligent but meek. With women. Perhaps it was the aunts you were brought up on that gave you this idea of women as lords—or mistresses—of the universe. It's silly. Pedestals and rights for women are silly. Atavistic. Didn't you know?"

And she stepped back to appraise her effect, which was good but not good enough. George had turned a fine mauve, but George still clung to chivalry and his peace.

The girl shook her head over him. "Too mild," she

A Story for All the World's Hapless Men Who Can't Seem to Get Away from Girls

by

ANN MORSE

ILLUSTRATION BY KAROLY-SZANTO

th several attentive young officers. George waited patiently through two games.

insisted. "A penny to this work of art of mine that the Englishman who buzzes round your Joan Fitz isn't mild. Englishmen aren't. For competition you should wave your arms, and growl, and spank."

George sputtered, but his traditions were hard upon him.

"You see?" she purred. "I'm being rude, and you take it—with only a feeble sputter. And you don't even know who I am. A mere nobody. The name, Pamela Kerr. Profession, textile design. Destination, New York. Have been to Manchester to see manufacturers who manufacture cottons that take designs. *Moderne* in tendency, and no manners at all. Now you know. I'll leave you to your safety."

She turned, went off, straight through the moonlight.

For perhaps a quarter-hour George concentrated on the sea. This Pamela Kerr was an irritant without the virtues of a counterirritant. She was a criticism without being constructive. His Aunt Martha would call her an inexcusable snip. His Aunt Constance would call her a little hussy. She had none of the glamour, subtlety, or beauty of Joan.

Joan! He lighted a cigarette, leaned against a ventilator, gave himself up to bittersweet thoughts of Joan. Of the Englishman Dabdy, who was Lucifer and, grudgingly, not a bad sport. Of Joan's mother, his own ally.

He stood and smoked and thought. Only in the nick of time did he see a little redhead, one Frances Colt, come tripping along the deck toward him. She it was who had given him a turn, the first night out, with her fleeting look of Joan. The morning of the second day she had dropped a book for him, and harnessed him to a game of ping-pong, and a dance this evening.

Now she stood questing, calling softly: "Mr. Priell! George Priell!"

George retreated farther into the shadows. The little redhead, Frances Colt, sighed at last and went away.

Cautiously George emerged, peered warily about, stalked to a companionway with the look of a young man wanting to unburden himself to some one—any one, so long as he were masculine.

He found his man in the smoking salon. Major Quill, his sometime table companion. A gentleman of sixty, or possibly eighty, or a hundred. No one could say. A gentleman whose head was utterly bald; whose eyes were wise, opaque, and inscrutable; whose face was a network of lines etched by many tropic suns; whose yarns habitually began with, "When I was in Simla in 'eighty-two," and were grand yarns.

The major made him welcome from behind his barricade of a habitual smoking-room table, a stein of beer, a cigarette elegantly in holder.

George sat down heavily, dismissed preliminaries.

"You can hit a ball," George began, "or a man, or a thing. But women—"

Like a china mandarin, the major nodded his bald head. "Women are untouchables," he murmured; "intangibles and shadows."

George kindled to such understanding. "Some jilt you," he said bitterly, "some chase you, some advise you. The boat is full of them. I should have shipped on a freighter, but this was the first thing out of port." He muttered above the froth of his beer. "For instance," he pointed out, "there's a small redhead on board."

"Ah, yes," the major murmured. "Very charming."

"And," George expanded to his indignation, "there's also a girl who is an artist and talks. She talks too much."

"Ah, yes," the major murmured again. "This Miss Kerr, I should think, is one of those who are as wise as Eve."

"She's crude," George held indignantly.

"So, I dare say, was Eve."

And Major Quill lapsed into his silent humors. After a bit, George spoke again wistfully.

"If a woman is as wise as you say, sir," he said, "and she tells you things, would you believe her? Especially when you needed help?"

"I sit," the major murmured, "and I see things. But I never advise. That's the wisdom of age. Nevertheless, a woman born wise is something to be cultivated."

"Yes," George sighed, entirely slipped back to the faith of his aunts; "I guess they are pretty wonderful."

The major smiled. "Are they?" he said. "You remind me of a chivalrous and romantic lad I met once in the 'eighties. It was on a boat out from Suez. He—"

Major Quill was under way. But as a minor Fate he had already done his small duty. Instead of shunning Pamela Kerr and all her works the following morning, George quite humbly sought her out.

She happened, at the time, to be playing energetic shuffleboard with several attentive young officers.

George waited patiently through two games before he walked off alone with her—and then alone by her own doing rather than his.

He said then, "I'd like to talk to you," hesitantly. Pamela Kerr glanced at him.

"After last night," she agreed, "you want to present me with a piece of your mind, of course."

George was shocked. She saw that.

"Still meek and mild?" She shrugged a little. "I suppose it is too soon to expect a cure—if ever."

"You make me sound like an idiot!" he protested.

"Well, aren't you?" Pamela Kerr was cool about it. "To be in love with a girl and do nothing about her while she makes you look pretty simian on two continents—what else is it?"

He only said, "You don't know Joan—she's different."

Pamela Kerr chuckled. "The answer to that, of course, is that they're always different." She paused on a sudden idea. "You actually still want to marry her?"

And George nodded, reduced at the word to his sad and wistful state.

Pamela Kerr stared at him. "I don't believe you're worth bothering with," she said, and turned on her heel.

"LAST night," he said, and caught at her arm, "you told me I should wave my arms and growl and spank. You're wise as Eve," said George (with no blush for his cribbing). "You know everything about things like this. I want you to tell me what to do. I've got to do something."

Pamela Kerr still stared strangely at him. She shook her head. "It must be the maternal instinct in me," she sighed, "or perhaps the wise-as-Eve comparison has gone to my head. We'll garnishee these deck chairs while you tell all."

It was an even hour when George had told all, and Pamela said, "You need a formula—that's what. A design. I'm a designer. I'll help you with—Heaven and Noel Coward forgive me!—a design for living."

"I think you're marvelous," George said submissively.

And Pamela Kerr grinned. "Check your meekness at the door," she prescribed. "Now! You begin a design with sketching in a simple line. For instance, tell me I'm impossible, outrageous, crass. It's true, and I'd probably love it. Tell things like that to Joan and she'll love it. What you need," said Pamela Kerr thoughtfully, "is some quick practice."

"I'll practice on you," George brightly beamed.

"On me?" Pamela seemed to think that funny. "I'm a hardened case—too tough for a beginner."

"You have nice eyes, though," said George by way of a surprise.

And drove her to cover. "No," she decided. "If I'm to supervise your practice, we'd better snag an outsider. The little redhead of the captain's table, for example."

"That Frances Colt?" George was alarmed, so that Pamela fell back on the classroom manner.

"In designing," she instructed, "after the simple line you get into the swing of the thing. You're not to be afraid. You go up to your motif—Joan or, now, Frances Colt—and you fit it to your taste and scheme. If the motif won't fit, you make it fit. If it wants to stray into odd corners, you restrain it. When you've licked it into shape, you'll find you've turned out something that will sit up and beg, and like it."

George blinked. "I'll try," he said obediently.

"Not good enough." Pamela Kerr was severe. "Last night I saw you bearding the mysterious Major Quill. Act that way—man to man."

So George, put on his mettle, stood up, threw out his chest, and acted that way. "I'll not only try," he declared; "I'll do it!"

ANN MORSE

is a native New Yorker, but since she began her writing career she has spent much of her time in England and also in extended travel. During her childhood she studied music but gave it up to enter Bryn Mawr College, after which she took a course in writing at the Columbia School of Journalism. She contributes stories to several magazines.

"AS a cheer leader," Pamela murmured, "I'm good. Just remember that women and design are practically synonymous, and go find your Frances Colt motif. I see one of my shipboard Englishmen hovering near. He'll be a change. I like Englishmen. They never take anything a girl says at its face value, with respect, or for granted. Incidentally, you might store that away in reference to Daddy, your great English rival."

George eyed the approaching Englishman.

"Scram!" Pamela Kerr murmured crassly.

And George unwillingly scrammed, to track down that little redhead, Frances Colt—to start his experiment in design.

He did not, however, immediately rush into it. He procrastinated.

It was well on into the evening, and after dinner, before George at last took himself firmly in hand, remembered that this, after all, was but an experiment and the one who mattered well out of it, and asked the little redhead, Frances Colt, to dance.

She glowed for him. "I'd adore to," she said.

Counterfeit Joan though she was, it was still extraordinary how like Joan she looked when she tossed her small head, how like Joan's the lift of her voice, the tilt of her nose, the curve of her pretty willful mouth.

"You remind me of some one I know," said George, and felt that there, already and nicely drawn, was the simple line of his design. Pamela Kerr should approve it.

"Is she nice?" Frances Colt purred.

"Very. She may," he said boldly, "be even nicer than you." There it was—the overplayed hand of the amateur. George flinched. His Aunt Constance and his Aunt Martha in him flinched.

But "Oh?" was all Frances Colt said about it. Wistful; no more.

George took heart. The next step, he recalled, was to make the motif fit his scheme and taste. His scheme and taste being nebulous, he said, "Let's go topside and see about air," at random and abruptly.

Frances Colt, basking in the green stares of the ship's womanhood, murmured that she'd as lief dance a little longer. If George pleased.

"We'll go topside," George growled; and, because she suddenly and meekly yielded, he was too gratified to notice that lifted eyebrows followed him; that Pamela Kerr eyed him, amused, from around the corner of an Englishman; that Major Quill watched after him, and thoughtfully, gently, stroked his bald pate.

Even under the glittering moonlight of the boat deck George stayed with his thoughts.

Frances Colt slipped to the rail, gazed out over the sea. "It's all so beautiful," she murmured in the hushed small voice that was so like Joan's and lifted her pretty hand to the breeze, and glanced a pointed glance at him—that, again, was like Joan's.

So George came to and did the expected. He kissed her. And remembered to kiss her neither mildly nor meekly—as part of the scheme.

It was obvious she loved it.

George shrugged. It was, he saw, too easy. Theoretically, probably, Joan would fit like this, on the instant and into his design. It all became, suddenly, peculiarly hollow.

A small hand slipped through his arm. "You did notice me, then," Frances Colt purred, "even the first day out. And I—oh, my dear, I've watched you, and felt so sorry for you." Her voice dropped to a lovely whisper. "And pity, they say, is akin to love, you know." She bent her silken Titian head so that the moon caught and glinted on it.

Primeval caution welled within George. Carefully he detached her hand from his arm, paternally patted it, returned it to her.

"I think," he said, "I'd better take you back to dancing with the ship's English now." And, because a pout came over her, "I'm sorry," he said, "but I have thinking to do."

"Brute!" she snapped, and turned on her absurd tall heels.

George shook his head clear. "Brute!" That to him, the aunt-ridden, the gallantly meek! He must have come far.

Frances Colt had paused. She was glancing back, softly smiling.

"You didn't really mean it, did you?" she coaxed.

And George abruptly felt justified. "I did," he said brutally, and took her arm and herded her toward the companionway.

HIS look was forbidding, his step emancipated. And since Pamela Kerr had been right, it seemed only decent to tell her, to acknowledge the success of the experiment; to say that the stage was now set for Joan and the Englishman Dabdy.

Thinking of Joan and Dabdy, George felt a strange apathy. It must, he thought, be the sea air, the enervating life of shipboard. He left Frances Colt at the dance floor to the swarming English, and looked vague as she flicked him a nasty little smile but a humble look. (More proof.)

Then he set out to hunt Pamela Kerr. He asked stewards about her. He buttonholed Major Quill, at his habitual table in the smoking salon.

"Miss Kerr?" the major said. "She was going deckward last I saw."

George, thanking him, hastily started away.

"I take it," murmured the major, "her advice was good and sufficient?"

"It was." George turned, beaming. "I tell you, sir, that girl has sense. She's a marvel. She's nicer than she lets herself be," said George—and looked a bit startled with himself. "Something should be done about her," he said defensively.

And once again the major stepped into his role of a minor Fate.

"You probably will do that something for her?" he gently remarked. It was not advice but suggestion.

George blinked at him. The suggestion reached him—took him.

"It's an idea," he beamed; and, with sudden missionary zeal, "The old stuff of one good turn deserving another. But it's an idea. Thanks."

GEORGE was gone. The major could only return to his cigarette, his beer, his unfathomable musings—musings which may have had to do with Pamela Kerr, who always was eying George as he approached her.

"Here," she told the eager young man at her side, "comes one with a light in his eye. He obviously has words for me. And since his need is greater than thine, the floor should be yielded to him."

The young man at her side snorted, yearned momentarily, but yielded.

George did not so much as notice him. "Your directions for design worked," he announced without preliminaries.

And Pamela arched a delicate brow and murmured, "Of course. Did I shoo away that nice youth just to hear that?"

George frowned. He was not going to be overborne.

"That doesn't sound nice," George pointed out. "Can't you be nicer?"

It was an appeal to her better nature.

Very innocently Pamela widened her dark-blue eyes. George glared. Why couldn't this girl be sweet and gentle, as girls should be?

"You've helped me out," said George. "You taught me something, so now I'm going to return the compliment. I'm going to give you a little advice."

"Lovely!" Pamela Kerr grinned.

George took a deep breath. "You mustn't," he bravely began — and glancing at her, suddenly slipped a notch back into his old diffidences—"you mustn't—"

"Don't let delicacy intervene," Pamela sweetly counseled.

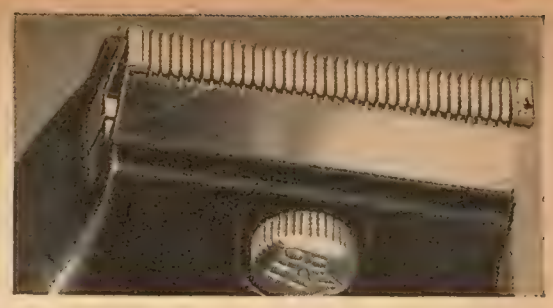
And that, George pointed out, was exactly what he meant.

"You're too caustic. Let yourself be nicer. Let people like you when they want."

Pamela Kerr shook her head. She smiled faintly, but she said nothing smart. Only, "Yes," gently. "And now are you going to wireless Joan and tell her you're taking the next boat back to marry her?"

It was as though she had set a match to his balloon. George still stood facing her, but at the mention of Joan he was a man cut adrift.

"I'll wireless her," he agreed mechanically.



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"That's nice," Pamela smiled. "And right away?"

"Right away," said George, meek now from conflicting emotions.

"No time like the present, is there?" Pamela brightly murmured. And as George, a mere robot, echoed her again but did not stir, she said, "That's Frances Colt coming toward us. I think she wants to see you."

Then, alarmed, George did move. Pamela turned to hold the fort.

"George Priell?" she said charmingly to little Frances Colt. "Yes, it was. No, I shouldn't call him back if I were you. I believe he feels a bit dizzy. Strange, isn't it, what little things may make a man dizzy?"

A fort well held. Frances Colt was turned back. George Priell was free to send his message to his Joan. As for herself—

Pamela crossed the deck, contemplated the swelling sea below long and sadly. But presently she straightened, sniffed the salty air, lifted her chin, pulled herself together as one who tells herself that this certainly will never do. That this sort of thing was laid away in lavender B. C. (before her career). That it served any one right who messed with a human nature, who let a maternal complex play God to a man. That you, my fine girl, are supposed to be a designing artist, not a designing woman. So scrap it and march.

Pamela Kerr marched—but not far. Major Quill came strolling across her way.

"Young Priell," he suggested, "didn't find you, then?"

Pamela assured him that he had. "He came, he saw, he conquered," she said, and smiled brilliantly—too brilliantly. "But he went on his way again, major, to bat out a wireless message in the writing room, I think." And she marched smartly on down the deck.

Contemplatively stroking his bald pate, Major Quill watched after her. Deliberately he took a pin from under his lapel, pried his smoked cigarette from its holder, fitted a fresh one in its place, lighted it, flicked away the match. The operation and his meditations appeared to come to simultaneous ends. With the unswerving step of an officer and a Fate, he set off in the direction of the ship's writing room.

George was alone in there, holding his head over scribbled sheets of paper. Quietly Major Quill sat down at the desk opposite, intercepted George's set stare into space.

"A moon outside," remarked the major, fictitiously taking up a pen, "a sea, and other of nature's accouterments, and you sit in here and write?"

George brought his despair to focus on him.

"What," George groaned, "would you do, major, if—"

He was halted by the major's thin hand upheld.

"Advice," the major reminded him, "is for the young who are wise."

George slumped lower on his spine. "A man," he grunted less personally, "gets to thinking about things."

The major nodded. George nodded.

"When one girl reminds you so much of another girl that they must be terribly alike," George said, "and you find you don't like the second model at all, there seems only one conclusion: The first girl can't be all you thought."

Again the major nodded. His eyes became, if it were possible, more opaque.

"WOMEN," he murmured, "are strange. Men are stranger. But ships are strangest of all. They have a sort of alchemy."

"That's just it," said George, earnestly at sea.

"The first day out on a ship," the major said, "one sees some one and thinks her lovely. The second day she seems less lovely. By the third day she becomes anathema. On the other hand," the major continued—and brandished his pen—"it also happens in reverse English. The first day she may seem impossible. The second, passable. The third day one is well on the way to being in love with her. Sometimes with reason." The major paused, let his thoughts mull over. In quite another tone he said, "You did find Miss Kerr, then?"

George gaped at him. George turned a sudden inspirational red. George plunged into thought, and came up gasping under the major's all-seeing eye.

"Major Quill," George shouted, "you may not advise a man, but you certainly give him ideas!"

And promptly he began to scrawl words on a fresh wireless blank.

A slow smile scattered the network of lines on the major's face.

George finished his scrawling. He read what he had written, corrected it, took a new blank, copied the message through, crumpled the original, dropped it into a wastepaper basket at his side. Then he stood up, a complete man of action.

"Going to give this to Sparks," he told the major, and in two strides was at the door. There he hesitated. "And thank you, sir," he grinned back over his shoulder.

For a long moment after he had gone Major Quill sat on, alone. Another moment, and he left the desk, went deliberately around to the wastepaper basket into which George had dropped the crumpled original of his wireless to Joan. Shamelessly the major stooped and lifted it out.

JOAN FITZ'S answer to George did not come for some thirty-six hours, and the ship almost at quarantine. It came as George was sitting quietly at Pamela's side (as he had been for all that day) watching the offshore gulls swoop overhead.

Only his jaw went a little grim as he took the envelope from the steward. Only his mouth tightened a bit as he tore the envelope open, read what was inside. He read it twice through, and then, with no expression at all, he gave it to Pamela.

"You see?" he said—noncommittally.

And, with a startled glance at him, Pamela took it, bent over it. It read:

DARLING DABDY AND I MARRY TOMORROW MOTHER TOSSING FITS LOVE JOAN

Pamela made an odd sad little sound. Slowly she looked up, all the sureness and the confidence gone out of her wide eyes.

"It's terrible," she moaned—"and it's my fault!" Another little gasp. "You won't ever forgive me," she said.

And, strangest of phenomena, at the sight of her, abject and forlorn, George's newborn lordliness left him—left him what he had been: a mild and humble young man. And, because he said nothing, Pamela grew more abject and more forlorn.

"I was so terribly wrong," she wailed. "I should be shot!"

And because George could still only look at her and mutely shake his head, she said, "I'm so infernally independent and cocksure. I've ruined everything for you. What will you do now?"

At last George found his tongue.

"Marry," he told her succinctly and in a word.

"Marry?" Pamela Kerr stared at him, confused. "But Joan—Joan and Dabdy—"

"I'm marrying you," said George—mildly.

And when, after a bit, Major Quill came strolling by, neither George nor Pamela saw him. So that the major did not stop, but continued on his way until he came to the sternmost part of the topmost deck—near the spot, it so happened, where George Priell first came upon Pamela Kerr.

Leaning against the rail there, the major drew from his pocket the crumpled message he had retrieved from the wastepaper basket, and glanced it over once again. It read:

FACING THINGS SEE YOU KNOW BEST MARRY DABDY BLESS YOU MY CHILDREN GEORGE

Slowly the major tore the paper into little fragments, let them blow from his thin hand out over the sea.

A gull swooped close after one of the bits of white.

The major's smile scattered the lines of his face.

"A young man," he murmured to the gull, "may be mild or masterful, meek or lordly. But to marry his lady successfully, he must first prove to her that she's wrong."

The gull dipped again—a salute to Major Quill.

THE END

THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T WISH TO BE A QUEEN

Gentle Lady Jane of England Shares the Week's Picture Honors with a Gleeful Powell-Lombard Reunion in a Swift and Giddy Liberty Story

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary	3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good	1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor	

★★★★ NINE DAYS A QUEEN

THE PLAYERS: Cedric Hardwicke, Nova Pilbeam, John Mills, Felix Aylmer, Leslie Perrins, Frank Cellier, Desmond Tester, Gwen Efrancon Davies, Martita Hunt, Miles Malleson, Sybil Thorndike. Written and directed by Robert Stevenson.

WHY don't they teach history this way? If you see Nine Days a Queen—and you must—you'll never forget the story of gentle little Lady Jane Grey. And the names of Warwick, Tudor, Seymour, and Edward VI will no longer be hideous abstracts made to elude the unhappy victim at examination times. For Robert Stevenson, as author and director of the picture, has placed them in the gallery of living things.

From the moment when old Henry VIII utters his final wishes—and curses—as to who shall succeed him, the picture takes you by the hand and leads you through the wile and guile of the brothers Seymour to gain control of the boy king, Edward VI, and the triumph of the Earl of Warwick over them both; through the death of Edward, and the reluctant queenship of Lady Jane Grey, driven by Warwick's iron will; through Warwick's downfall and that of Lady Jane Grey at the hands of Mary Tudor—Bloody Mary. As the Earl of Warwick, "without conscience and without fear," Sir Cedric Hardwicke is excellent. And aided by the pronounced emotional constraint of the entire production, Desmond Tester's appealing portrayal of the little king stands out as a warm and vibrant thing.

In this version of Lady Jane Grey you won't find the religious fervor your books may have stressed; you won't find the mature poise, the unbreaking fortitude in the face of death. She does break—well, just a little—and very humanly. For Nova Pilbeam's Lady Jane Grey is essentially a girl. The gripping simplicity of her performance climbs to great heights with the powerful structure of the film.

You'll not soon forget it.

VITAL STATISTICS: Britannia may not rule the lens yet, but she's getting to be a darned good optometrist. The Gaumont-British giraffe eats laurels off the top of the tree these days. This is the answer of Balcon of Gaumont-British to Korda of London Film Productions, Ltd., for the latter's Henry VIII. . . . Parent-teacher associes rounding up pictures like this one having education value for "homework." . . . They knight 'em in England for being good actors (and benight 'em in Hollywood). Sir Cedric Hardwicke, knighted by King George in 1934, was a "best baby" prize winner. Fancy that! Followed the footsteps of genius by flunking out of school (to be a doctor) and getting himself sent to Tree School of Acting—not arborial. Secured his first sizable job with a South African troupe under the influence of 13—1913, 13 plays, 13 men in company, opening Cape Town October 13 and Johannesburg November 13! Result—World War. Was the last British officer to leave the war zone. Road to fame in the company of George Bernard Shaw overturned the Apple Cart—a close Shavian. Played father in original Barretts of Wimpole Street, in London—part that won Laughton fame for infamy in picture. In the flickers did Charles II in Nell Gwyn, where he died beautifully—not professionally. Becky Sharp was his early American picture. . . . Nova Pilbeam was born at Wimbledon, England, in the shadow of a tennis racket. Was christened Nova by her grandmother, who is from Nova Scotia. Refuses to change the Pilbeam, although urged. Says she's going to see it up in electric beams. Popped into fame overnight in Little Friend, her screen debut, at fourteen. . . . Desmond Tester is England's retort to her own native son in Hollywood—one Freddie Bartholomew.

John Mills and Nova Pilbeam in a scene from the Gaumont-British hit, Nine Days a Queen.

★★★ MY MAN GODFREY

THE PLAYERS: William Powell, Carole Lombard, Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette, Gail Patrick, Mischa Auer, Alan Mowbray, Jean Dixon, Robert Light. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Story by Eric Hatch.

VIOLENTLY whimsical, My Man Godfrey — from the Liberty serial by Eric Hatch called Irene, the Stubborn Girl—is an utterly insane treatment of a present-day fairy tale that works very hard for the many laughs it produces. The robust farce finds the svelte Carole Lombard as a dizzy debutante who is sent out from a scavenger-hunt party to find a Forgotten Man. Superbly played by William Powell, this derelict of the depression submits to being a curiosity at the party. And when the mad playgirl takes Powell to the bosom of society by making him her family's butler, the stage is set for a plenitude of hilarious nonsense.

Coping with the scatterbrained Miss Lombard is one of the lesser problems of Powell's job. More vexing are the unpredictable demands of the rest of the household. There is Miss Lombard's mother, Alice Brady, whose chief activity is sponsoring a self-acclaimed musical genius, Mischa Auer. There is the breadwinning father, Eugene Pallette, out of place in his own home. And there is, as an especial nuisance, Miss Lombard's jealous sister, Gail Patrick, who tries to pin a fake robbery on Powell.

In skipping their dexterous way through a series of situations that are all designed for laughter, these characters offer an agreeably cockeyed show abounding in mental slapstick.

A mighty hunter takes his ease
Amidst his trophies stuffed to please;
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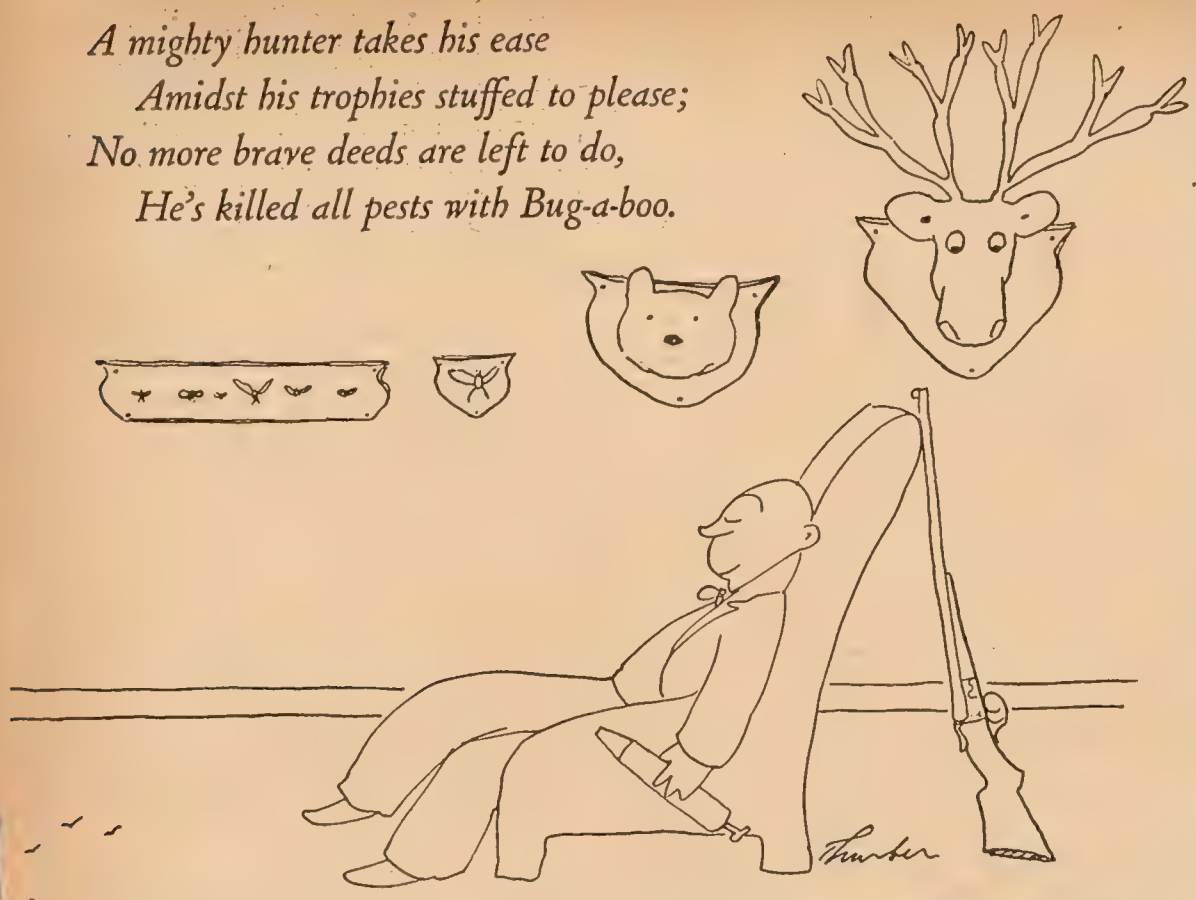

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VITAL STATISTICS: On the opening night of The Great Ziegfeld, while lights streaked the sky, on the back lot of Universal City an event long anticipated by the gossipy curious-minded Hollywoodenheads took place. In an immense synthetic city dump flooded by blinding lights, a flivver drove up and out clambered Carole Lombard, in a movie gown, and Bill Powell as a Forgotten Man, reunited in a picture for the first time in three years, since their noisy divorce. With Director La Cava, juicers, crew, execs looking on, they took places, and while preparations for the scene went on, like a couple of kids they rubbed noses! Rubbing of noses continued all through picture, performed every time there was a lull. . . . Typical gag, encouraged by megger La Cava to get cast in goofy mood: Pallette and Mowbray ganged on Alice Brady before she went into a scene, suggested humorous transpositions and substitutions of words in her lines, causing her to bobble lines subconsciously before mike. Such fun-making cost time and money but got La Cava desired spirit. . . . Bill Powell once turned his back on becoming a lawyer. Now says his greatest pleasure is worrying—because it keeps his weight down and he's fittest when lean. . . . La Cava always summoned Lombard by calling, "Charlie!" They're saying Gable and Lombard now in the same breath. . . . Dialogist Morrie Ryskind once left Columbia University at N. M. Butler's request. Has done well since. Is quite the liberal and serious thinker away from his typewriter. . . . That dump had to be festooned with real new-painted cans. Old rusty tins didn't photograph realistically. Also they rubberized those dishes in that dishwashing scene 'twixt Powell and Lombard, so's the clatter wouldn't clutter the dialogue. . . . Quite the gay picture, eh?

★ ★ ½ THE DEVIL DOLL

THE PLAYERS: Lionel Barrymore, Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Lawton, Robert Greig, Lucy Beaumont, Henry B. Walthall, Grace Ford, Pedro de Cordoba, Arthur Hohl, Rafaela Ottiano, Juanita Quigley. Directed by Tod Browning. Based on the novel by Abraham Merritt.

FEW movies—since pioneering novelties—make much use of the camera's knack of distortion for dramatic purposes. But in The Devil Doll trick photography plays the most important role. This is a story of revenge—a revenge that finds its outlet by highly unusual means. For in the picture Lionel Barrymore, as a dishonestly convicted banker, escapes from jail and befriends an unbalanced scientist who unwittingly supplies him with a means of destruction.

This scientist, played by the late Henry B. Walthall, has discovered a formula for reducing people to about one sixth normal size. This formula was perfected in the laudable but debatable hope that it would end the depression by reducing the food consumption and by giving us all more room in which to live. But in the diabolical hands of Mr. Barrymore the body-shrinking secret is put to no such benevolent use.

Lionel enjoys an actor's holiday in a role that lets him disguise as a woman, gives him many long speeches and a dazzling variety of scenes. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Lawton supply somewhat perfunctory love interest, while the rest of the cast, headed by Arthur Hohl, takes the bizarre doings much more seriously than will any audience.

VITAL STATISTICS: Since revelation of production secrets supposedly destroys public illusion, M-G-Men refuse to tell how humans are so tiny in this and furniture and sets so big. So we'll tell you. The furniture was just built to enormous scale, about 8 to 1, thus midgeting human beings. There are no process shots. There—have I spoilt your belief in Hollywood? . . . Lionel Barrymore said: "No bustles or bonnets for me!" when offered part. Then, urged to read it, he finally accepted, but drew line at bustle—obviously a Barrymore eccentricity. . . . Henry B. Walthall, gentlest of Southern gentlemen, and an actor who watched Hollywood grow up, played the death scene—then went home and died. Gained his greatest fame in Birth of a Nation, was always a capable craftsman, and this brief portion can hardly do him justice. Had a tremendous moment

in early film days; lost out completely when talkies came in; made a spectacular comeback as the Christlike Madero in Viva Villa! . . . Grace Ford, who practically does a silent role, is a Tulsa deb dancer. It's her first part. . . . Rafaela Ottiano was born in Venice; came to Boston when a child; staged herself first in Grand Hotel; is very artistic on the side, especially with chisel and granite. . . . Tod Browning was a Mack Sennett comedian in 1915. Worked over a year with writers to get this one right. For a horrorist, Tod's very conservative; leads a very unjittery normal life; hasn't a nerve in his comfortable body. . . . Robert Greig tips the beam at 300 pounds; eats fattening foods to keep his weight a screen asset; is Australian. They had to pack Robert's coat inside with raw meat to get him to be bit by a dog—dogs evidently not caring for fat. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan liked the Irish stew they served her in this, but she gets less Irish and more Hollywood all the time; always takes tea on set at four in the afternoon. . . . Frank Lawton's married to Evelyn Laye; is son of a matinee idol of the '90s; quite the tennis player. . . . Eric von Stroheim helped inject some hideosity in this. He's a writer now, a curious fate for one of the most gifted of old-time directors.

★ ★ ½ WHITE FANG

THE PLAYERS: Michael Whalen, Jean Muir, Slim Summerville, Charles Winninger, Jane Darwell, John Carradine, Lightning, Thomas Beck, Joseph Herrick, George Ducount, Marie Chorre. Directed by David Butler. Story by Jack London.

WHITE FANG, Jack London's sequel to his memorable Call of the Wild, comes to the screen as a sturdy outdoor melodrama of much scenic beauty and a spurious vitality. The rather outmoded story has been filmed with a straightforward old-fashioned honesty and tackles its battle of men against the rigorous arctic with commendable gusto.

Starring Michael Whalen, Jean Muir, and a Thespian canine named Lightning, White Fang tells of those Alaskan days just after the first gold rush. Though the plot structure is quite inflexible, the picture has been enlivened by David Butler's deft direction and its primitive appeal is enhanced by a background of stirring beauty.

In this Michael Whalen is the opportunist adventurer who is falsely accused of murdering a tenderfoot prospector, and Jean Muir is the little woman who sees him through. With John Carradine being a conventionally loathsome villain, and with Charles Winninger and Slim Summerville supplying ample comic relief, White Fang marches to its obvious climax. There are no surprises in the story; but since it is agreeably enacted, and since the dog hero handles all his assignments with sure-footed skill, this can be listed as a satisfactory if not outstanding thriller of the wide-open spaces.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Yukon you see, naturally, is Lake Tahoe and Truckee country up in the High Sierras, and so many movie fans have seen so much gold discovered in movies, said country is filled with hopeful prospectors! . . . They make those snowstorms with a wind machine and a water whistle. . . . Picture took 40 days and $350,000 in cash to make—quite a gold strike in itself. . . . They tested 20 dogs for the White Fang part, but couldn't get one to fit exactly into Jack London's blueprint—half wolf, half shepherd, platinum blond. Closest fit was Earl Johnson's male Lightning, grandson of the great Strongheart, except he was a mite too dark. Immediately Johnson rushed dog to local beauty studios, had henna packs applied all over. Lightning emerged a Harlow blond but no sissy, got part—at $350 a week. Lightning works to hand signals from any distance, most dogs usually responding only to master 50 or 100 feet away. . . . Ascetic John Carradine was once Hollywood Blvd. attraction second only to Peter the Hermit. Dressed impeccably but shabbily, and a born roving Bohemian, Carradine strode the blvd. oblivious to passing wondering world, mumbling Shakespeare, on whom he was a nut. Spent five years in Hollywood living on bark and berries, getting occasional Shakespearean parts, getting arrested for idiosyncratic Shakespearean habits, always to be released by apologetic police. . . . Jean Muir is still conducting her esoteric theater workshop before limited audiences. . . . Michael Whalen had 27 cents in his pocket when picked up by Zanuck to be the first male star Z. ever developed. . . . Slim Summerville surffishes before and after work and thinks about it during.

★ ★ ½ BENGAL KILLER

THE PLAYERS: Barton MacLane, June Travis, Warren Hull, Paul Graetz, Joseph King, Don Barclay, Gordon Hart, Carlyle Moore, Jr. Directed by Louis King. Story by Roy Chanslor and Earl Fenton.

AS in White Fang, the chief character in Bengal Killer is an animal. This virile study of circus life employs a tiger called Satan, an uncontrollable cat, to get its most exciting effects.

Most of the picture is devoted to the battle between the trainer, Barton MacLane, and the beast. Set beside this struggle there is another story, one of those eternal triangles, that has MacLane in love with June Travis, who in turn has eyes for the young Warren Hull.

Though much of the film is of standard studio fabrication, there is undeniable force in the gripping climax that has the savage cat finally settling the human difficulties once and for all.

VITAL STATISTICS: When Barton MacLane glanced through script of this one, his eye fell on lines: "MacLane and the tiger roll over floor"; "MacLane wrestles the tiger"; "The tiger rakes MacLane with his claws." He let out a roar, hunted up authors Roy Chanslor and Earl Fenton, offered to rehearse scenes with them, he playing the tiger. They refused, but admitted it was simpler to write such things than play them. Satisfied, MacLane took correspondence course by mail in lion training. Entered cage on set for first time convinced you must never let animals learn you're nervous, lest they get jitters and jump you. Went through scene roaring at top of voice, cracking whip, gesturing with the chair and firing the blank cartridges. Scene was perfect, but afterward lion and tiger trainers took MacLane aside and asked him for heaven's sake to lay off putting it on so heavy—he was scaring the big cats to death! . . . Scene in village where tiger gets loose was filled with prop meat (painted hams and sides of beef), causing such disgust to tiger, it destroyed them. . . . Informal lion roars cost many a take, but it all came to only $200,000. . . . June Travis adopted Oscar, a lion cub, after picture end, is raising it in her ap't. . . . Hanging by his teeth in close-ups as the trapeze flyer gave Warren Hull a pain in the neck. Hull is physically fit too; polos, golfs, takes a dip in sea every morning of year.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Green Pastures, Show Boat, The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood.

★★★½—San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Follow the Fleet, Modern Times, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes.

★★★—The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession.

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TEMPERAMENT

THE human element is the most interesting in tennis, just as it is in any sport—for, while the rules are set, the plan of play definite, the boundaries exact, the *human side* of the game is variable, interesting, often surprising, and frequently inexplicable.

Upsets occur not because of the rules of the game but because of the unruliness of human nature!

I find it necessary to think more than twice before trying to answer the question, What do you think is the ideal temperament for tennis?

Suddenly before my mind there pass in review all the best known women players that I have played or seen in action upon the court: May Sutton Bundy, Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman, Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, Kitty McKane Godfree, Helen Jacobs, Eileen Bennett Whittingstall, Betty Nuthall, Lili Alvarez, Kea Bouman, Renée Mathieu, Cilly Aussem, Hilda Krahwinkel Sperling, and the best of all, Suzanne Lenglen—each one possessing a distinct personality, and no two alike either in appearance or in temperament. Some, to onlookers, may have appeared as a bundle of nerves, others as quiet as the calm before a storm. But appearances are not always a true indication of temperament.

For example, it was generally thought that Suzanne Lenglen was in a state of extreme nerves when engaged in a match. As a matter of fact, there has probably never been a player more calm than she upon the court. Her mind was clear and collected. Proof of this was that her head seemed always to save her feet. She was continually thinking of ways of making her opponent run twice as far as necessary, and to do this she had to possess a well controlled temperament!

On the other hand, you find players who appear to be very calm, even stolid, when in an exciting match—yet they may be extremely nervous "under their skins"!

Nervousness is not always a handicap either, as many suppose it to be. Of course the kind where your knees turn to rubber isn't very helpful. But there is another kind, an "up-on-the-toesness," that helps rather than hinders the player. I have always considered myself calm by nature, but know that if I do not feel a thrill of keenness before a match I shall not play as well as I might otherwise. My difficulty is not that of being handicapped by nervousness but of being slowed down by a too great feeling of calm. Which, when described in a less kind way, might be called laziness!

Worry over poor shots already past is one of the big handicaps in match play, and I know several players who have denied themselves championship titles because of this. Tennis is obviously a game built up around the next shot. It is a going-ahead game, and an optimistic one. The action is forward, and the thoughts of the player should go forward too.

A player can do much in training himself in "thinking forward." You find always that the aggressive player is the optimistic one. How otherwise could Jean Borotra and Henri Cochet, two of the most brilliantly aggressive players of tennis history, have carried on their startling play? They were sure they could do it when they raided the net for a volley or a smash.

William Tilden most certainly was a "thinking forward" player. His remarkable and often breath-taking drives *had* to be founded upon optimism. A second of hesitation or worry over some past error would have destroyed the certainty of his shots.

Steadiness is one of the most important factors in tournament tennis. Steadiness of play and steadiness of thought. Each depends upon the other. Fitness, physical strength; concentration, and patience all have their influence upon the steadiness of mind and body. Experience enables the player to co-ordinate all these qualities, so that through constant practice they are used almost unconsciously.

It is as important in a game to develop *good form in thinking* as it is to build up *good form in playing*. You will generally find teachers of tennis emphasizing correct form in the production of strokes but neglecting correct thinking. Both are indispensable to match play.

As was said before, temperaments may be as different as the sun and the moon—and tennis cannot mold them into similar form. But behind every player who has achieved an outstanding record in tournament play is the idea of steadiness, both of play and of thinking.

Two great players were William Tilden, for years American champion, and René Lacoste, the French star. They were quite unlike in temperament. The one dramatic, extremely imaginative, capable of rising suddenly to great heights; the other subdued, calm, glacial in intensity, named by his teammates Le Crocodile! Their only characteristics in common were that they both loved tennis and were both consistent in their matches.

For another example of unlike temperament, one may compare two splendid players of more recent prominence: Donald Budge, the red-haired ace from California, at twenty quiet, calm-mannered, with all the reserve of a veteran of the courts, and in contrast dark-haired Fred Perry, dynamic, dashing, impatient, who seems always to be in a hurry for the next shot.

A more dangerous field for comparison but none the less interesting is that of men's and women's temperament in tennis. Every one will admit that men and women are different in temperament, but it is difficult to explain where the differences lie. Perhaps it has something to do with their way of thinking. This leads deeper, and we find ourselves bewildered by their emotional and psychological differences, which are fundamental. No one can deny this, so it is not surprising that these differences are expressed in a game such as tennis.

BUT beyond this side of the game there is the mental attitude of men and women toward sport. In a tennis match all of a woman's thoughts are centered upon herself. When she enters the final round of a championship she thinks of one thing—that is, to return the ball and win the point. Her adversary as a person ceases to exist.

A woman does not adapt herself to team play as well as does a man, because she is concerned first of all with her personal success. But she is a more conscientious member of a team than a man, because she will try to do as well as possible for herself, and in doing so will indirectly benefit the team. Even from a tennis point of view, it is possible to recognize that women are intense individualists, concerned primarily with reality, or what they consider as reality. What *happens* is more important to them than what *might* happen. Imagination plays a less important part in women's tennis than in men's, although one might be inclined to believe otherwise.

In spite of this, women on the tennis court are less predictable than men. You can never be sure what they will do next. A woman's game may go to pieces inexplicably in a match, or it may show astonishing power and persistence. However, generally, women show more patience than men. They are willing to continue a rally for a longer time, waiting for their opponent to err, rather than try to win the point outright. They are less inclined to take a chance.

I have always thought that Mlle. Lenglen was the superrealist of all players in tennis. Her mind worked perfectly in an intuitively logical and feminine way. She discarded distraction, eliminated detail, and, with a complete absence of sentiment, almost always accomplished what she wanted to do in a match—won it with the loss of as few points as possible. Tennis was with her a matter of simplification.

You hear frequently that a tennis player has "gone stale" or is "overtrained." What is meant by this? How does the player feel? He feels both mentally and

in TENNIS

An Eminent Star of the Courts Reveals What She Has Learned of the Strange and Unpredictable Things that Bring Upsets and Surprises in Tournaments

by HELEN WILLS MOODY

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Fitness, physical strength, concentration, and good form are discernible in this close-up of the author.

physically tired. He is not interested in the game. It is an effort to run, to start quickly, to hit the ball hard. And furthermore, he doesn't much care who wins. He is bored. Then why doesn't he stop playing? The answer may be that he has promised, away ahead of time, that he will play in a number of tournaments. Or he may be trying for a team, or for a special place in the ranking. Or he may be in the habit of playing in certain tournaments year after year.

I still cannot understand how some tennis players can take part in tournaments the whole year long. Actually it must wear them down and prevent their playing the best tennis of which they are capable.

In practice on your home courts, it is also possible to become tired of the game. But if you play only two sets then you have energy left over and want to continue. This is the right time to lay off for the day.

WHAT is the "competitive instinct" we so often read about on the sports page? When you try to analyze it, you find it is an elusive thing. Yet you can tell when your opponent has it. I know that William Johnston possessed it to a marked degree, and William Tilden and Mrs. Mallory and Mrs. May Sutton Bundy. *She* had it almost more than any one. At eighteen she went to Wimbledon from the hard courts of California, and, with her forehand drive and large share of determination, won the championship the first time she tried for it. It takes much more competitive spirit to win abroad than at home, for there are more things to discourage one abroad—new surroundings, different courts, foreign onlookers who might not be sympathetic, and new opponents with perhaps different styles of play than one is accustomed to.

Don Budge of California has the competitive spirit to an outstanding degree.

I do not think that the competitive instinct can be classed as an emotion. It seems to be an integral part of the people who possess it—something they are born with. It may be expressed in all sorts of activity, not only in sport.

It is interesting to try to analyze the competitive instinct. There appear to be a number of qualities which, when combined, make up this intangible thing.

When you name them over—enthusiasm, concentration, persistence, patience, and good nature—they present a very fine list of virtues that anybody would be proud to possess. Unfortunately, none of us can be perfect, tennis players no more than any one else. However, when you look over the list of past champions, you find that they have all had a fair percentage of these qualities up their sleeves or wherever such things are kept!

I have been asked if I have a theory about relaxation. I have, but I find it more difficult to put down on paper than to put into practice in a tennis game.

Relaxation in sport is controlled largely by thought. One might go so far as to say that relaxation is an expression of a habit in the way of thinking. It may be persistently cultivated.

When you are playing tennis you do not get as good results if you say to yourself, "Now relax!" as you do if you use mentally some *figure of speech*. You choose some idea which will convey the feeling of relaxation throughout all your body. You may find this figure of speech useful: "All my joints are floating in oil. They are moving like ball bearings!" Or, "I am floating on air!" Song writers employ figures of speech more extraordinary than these, and we hear them every day over the radio—so why not borrow some of their imagination for sport?

THE END

The CASE NEW JERSEY Would Like To FORGET

New, Revealing Light on a Supposedly Closed Chapter in the Bewildering Maze of the Lindbergh Mystery

by

C. LLOYD FISHER

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

LAST week Mr. Fisher went on retelling the story that John Hughes Curtis, in the Flemington jail, told to him. Curtis said the man called Sam, when they met in New York, promised to get proof of the kidnaped child's identity and offered to take Curtis to the gang—who would now be content with $25,000! That news Dean Peacock bore to Hopewell. Lindbergh again refused to deposit any ransom money in a Norfolk bank until convinced that this gang had his son.

Curtis went with Sam to Newark and met men called George Olaf Larsen, Nils, John, and Eric. John told him about the kidnaping, bringing in an unnamed "member of the Lindbergh-Morrow household," showing floor plans of the Lindbergh house, and asserting that he and Nils had made their getaway with the baby down the stairs and out the front door. At Cape May, New Jersey, Curtis was shown a car with a pine-box "crib" in it, and Larsen's wife Hilda spoke up, offering to help in any way to get the baby returned.

Larsen had ready a letter that he said gave proof. Curtis persuaded him to come along and deliver it. They found that Lindbergh was just leaving home "on an important errand." After an all-day wait Larsen insisted on returning to Cape May. Later Curtis learned that Lindbergh's absence had been occasioned by the $50,000 ransom payment made through Jafsie.

Jafsie's "John" as a G-man artist drew him. Above: Jafsie.

PART THREE—CURTIS'S "JOHN," AND JAFSIE'S

WHICH one of the five—Larsen, Sam, Nils, Eric, or John—took Jafsie Condon for the $50,000 ride? John Curtis pondered this question as he once more tooled the big car through the Holland Tunnel to his second meeting with the kidnap gang at the rendezvous in front of the railroad station at Newark.

It couldn't have been Larsen or Sam, he thought. Larsen was Scandinavian and had muddy blond hair; but he had a round ruddy face, wore his hair straight back, and presented a stocky sailorlike appearance. Sam was distinctly Hebraic, and so was his accent.

The other three were all definitely Scandinavian, and any one of them might have made much the same impression that Jafsie had described. Eric and Nils were both in their early thirties and weighed about a hundred and forty pounds. Nils was the taller: five feet nine and a half, Curtis thought, against a possible five feet eight. Like Larsen, and also like John, they had the muddy blond hair so common to their race.

Of the two, Eric was physically the less likely to have done the cemetery trick, as his face was too round and his stature too short. Nils, on the other hand, spoke better English than Jafsie's "John," and with less accent.

This brought Curtis, in his pondering, right back to John, the obvious leader of the gang. John was older than his two pals, perhaps forty, perhaps more, but with an erect athletic figure that made him look younger than he was. He stood about five feet nine, and although his face was well filled out, it wasn't nearly so round as Eric's. His weight also tallied with Condon's description. Then—although it didn't necessarily mean anything—there was the matter of the identical names.

The shipbuilder's thoughts were still on John as he parked the big car and joined the gangsters, who were already seated in Sam's car. Only Larsen was missing.

"Get in, Captain John," said Sam. "The boss he ain't in yet. That fog, I guess. We'll go over to John's place and wait for him."

Curtis got in, and Sam drove to a house in the Scandinavian section of Newark. Curtis noticed that they were passing the Newark Athletic Club, turning right, then left, and left again, across Broad Street where there was a lighted statue. After making several more turns they stopped before a three-story brick dwelling in the middle of the block.

John unlocked the front door and led the group into a narrow hall with several doors leading from it. He paused before the second one and opened it quietly. The room was furnished as a combination sitting room, dining room, and bedroom. It was disorderly and suggested a temporary hideaway.

Curtis didn't have to wait long for the conversation to light on the Condon fiasco. Sam's comment was:

"Vell, vot did I tell yer?"

John said, "Sure, I did the work with Condon. That was the idea all along—to chisel this Lindbergh through Condon, and then turn the boy in through you. That's why we were willing to let the kid go cheap to you."

"Do you call $25,000 cheap?"

"Sure! And why not, with that Lindbergh family rolling in wealth? If this gang of saps had any nerve, I'd sell the brat to the highest bidder."

John Curtis shuddered. But, much as he loathed this man, he believed his story. There was something about his manner—especially now after the Condon episode—that made it convincing. He always had been boastful, Curtis remembered. Now he was insolent in his arrogance, giving off the air of a man who had achieved a personal triumph.

He told Curtis to give his love to Condon, and added that Condon was O. K. in every respect.

Enraged by his attitude, Curtis took him to task.

"Where's the letter describing the baby—the one Larsen had?" he demanded.

"Torn up, of course. D'yer think he'd be fool enough to lug that red-hot stuff around in his clothes?"

Curtis had to admit that such a letter was hot enough to burn a hole in anybody's pocket.

"Is the baby better now?" he asked.

"Not so good," replied John; "but we got a doc looking after him, besides my girl friend, the nurse."

"You couldn't get a doctor to keep your secret."

"You can get anythin' you're willin' to pay for."

Curtis reflected that they might have cut off the baby's curls or even dyed his hair.

"Well, I don't like all this delay, John."

"Delay hell! Who's doin' the delayin'? We saw the nurse and got the damn letter. Then what did that Lindbergh do but break his date?"

"You ought to know why he broke it."

"I know, but we did our bit. We can't go visitin' that nurse every day. We got hijackers on our trail. Everybody wants this baby—other gangs as well as the bulls. Don't yer know that?"

"I do," replied Curtis, "and I take it into consideration, and so does Colonel Lindbergh. But I'm putting myself in a bad spot. I've got to have some proof that you're the fellows who did this job."

John looked from one to another of his associates. Then, bursting with pride, he turned on Curtis with:

"Proof, eh? How'd yer like to see some of this much advertised hot money?"

Naturally, Curtis said he would. Whereupon John, Eric, and Nils each produced $500 from their pockets in five-, ten-, and twenty-dollar bills—a total of $1,500.

"Here's the paper, Curtis, with their —— —— list of numbers in it," continued John.

Curtis told me he took the paper, checked five bills from each man's hoard, and found that they tallied perfectly.

The effect of this experience on John Hughes Curtis was to change a dream to a reality. Up to now he had been unable to shake off the feeling that he was somehow walking in his sleep. But money was money. He could read the telltale numerals. He was back again in the world of hard facts. And when he reported his experience to Lindbergh, the Colonel apparently felt the same way.

John Hughes Curtis, still smiling and confident, during the sea adventures.

FROM that time on, Curtis heard nothing more about waiting for a letter describing the child.

The idea now was to do as he had suggested from the beginning: *get the baby first and then pay the money.* In other words, the Norfolk shipbuilder was at last being accepted by Colonel Lindbergh at what I firmly believe to be his true worth. And with good reason—for, according to Curtis, Lindbergh told him at this time that neither he nor the New Jersey State Police had any other major clue.

Once Lindbergh decided to cooperate, he made a business of it. When Curtis was preparing to go to Cape May for his next conference with John and the gang, Lindbergh, he said, himself suggested going with him and waiting at some near-by point.

"Then I'll be on hand," he said, "to discuss any questions that may come up, and possibly avoid a delay."

That, of course, was just what Curtis had wanted all along. So it was arranged that Lindbergh should wait at Cape May Courthouse with Lieutenant Richard and Mr. Bruce, the owner of the big car—who was now a full-fledged member of the expedition—while Curtis worked with the gang on a plan for immediate delivery of the child.

First he conferred with Admiral Burrage and with Admiral MacDougal of the Norfolk Naval Base. Then he arranged with Captain Whiting that they would, if possible, make the contact with the nurse and her charge by air, take the baby by plane to some government station, preferably Hampton Roads, phone Lindbergh, and let him come down for his child. An ambulance plane was to be kept tuned up for this service, as well as a six-passenger cabin plane and Captain Whiting's own plane, which Curtis

The Marcon, used in the search at sea, with [illegible] owner, Colonel [illegible]

and Lieutenant Richard had been using on their frequent trips to New York.

Curtis still thought this would be the ideal way to effect the rescue; but he said Lindbergh favored a transfer by boat in the open sea. And it was that plan that Curtis now set himself to work out with the gang. John and his crowd fell in with the boat idea and offered to take Curtis out under cover of darkness to the schooner they would use for the contact. Accordingly all six—the five kidnapers and Curtis—drove to Schellinger's fish dock and boarded a twenty-eight-foot sea skiff that was tied up there.

This skiff had a cabin forward and was open aft. There was about two feet between the cabin and the engine house. The cabin extended across the entire width of the boat and on each side were gas tanks. Larsen started the engine, which Curtis noted was a Kermath.

About fourteen miles out they came to a larger vessel riding at anchor. She was named the Theresa Salvatora, but Curtis suspected that this name had only recently been given her. It was printed on three boards, screwed on to the hull, probably to cover the real name. A fourth board presumably carried the name of the home port. Curtis couldn't make out that name clearly, but made a guess—Gloucester.

The vessel was about eighty feet long and approximately twenty feet wide. She had a foremast, a mainmast, a bowsprit about six feet long, a complete set of sails, and an extremely long main boom which extended over the aft transom. The engine exhaust was forward of the main. There was a sort of collapsible pilothouse that could very easily be hooked up over the wheel in case of bad weather or for a disguise, and a trolling outfit with a hoister for operating it.

The tanks were forward of the after trunk cabin on deck. The power was furnished by a 270-horsepower Fairbanks-Morse which looked comparatively new. Her freeboard was about five and a half feet, and she drew at least nine feet of water. She was painted a very dark green or black—Curtis couldn't tell which at night. Her masts were painted buff. The mainmast was a little taller than the foremast, and there was a radio antenna between the two. There was a hatch into the forecastle.

The sea was running rather high, so they filed into the aft cabin before discussing arrangements. Then the kidnapers said that their plan was to leave immediately to make contact with a small boat from Falmouth, Massachusetts. Curtis had brought a chart. After studying it carefully, he and they agreed to meet on Thursday morning off Block Island, provided there was no interference from the coast guard.

It was also agreed that if Curtis missed them off Block Island, he could get in touch with them through Hilda, as they would come down off Winter Quarters Light and arrange by wireless for further contact.

ON their way back from the pier to the cottage, they took Curtis into a little shack by the water front, where they had their bootleg radio apparatus neatly concealed in the body of an ancient Ford. It operated, John explained, on a different wave length from the big government station at the naval base.

Curtis was much impressed by their ingenuity, and promptly worked out a code by which the kidnapers were to signal the Curtis boat in case he succeeded in getting a vessel equipped with wireless apparatus.

"The Colonel is anxious to join me in working with you," he told them. "Have you any objections to his being on the boat with me when you deliver the child?"

All agreed that there was no objection to this plan.

Jubilant, John Hughes Curtis rushed back through the night to the little hotel at Cape May Courthouse, awakened Lindbergh and his two companions, and started with them over the now familiar road on what they all believed was the last lap of the kidnap trail. They little knew that they were off on a most amazing series of sea adventures.

In fact, the most unbelievable part of John Curtis's whole story is the part everybody admits is true. [illegible] he told Lindbergh was as strange as the things he did with Lindbergh and Lindbergh did with him.

Take, for instance, this first night trip in a tiny trawler out into the open sea beyond Block Island to meet a boatload of desperate criminals. A fantastic enterprise, surely, for grown men to embark on—and a quite unnecessary one in these days of airplanes and hydroplanes and wireless telegraphy.

The strangest part was that the boat trip was the Colonel's own idea. After consulting again with the naval authorities, Curtis persisted in urging the airplane as the quickest and surest way to make contact with a ship at sea. But Colonel Lindbergh stuck to his own plan.

As a matter of fact, the Colonel's insistence on having his way nearly wrecked the whole enterprise at the start, because it necessitated a whirlwind last-minute search, first by telephone and later by motor along the Connecticut shore, for an available boat.

The telephoning was done from the Morrows' New York home at 2 East 72d Street.

"Before leaving New York," Curtis told me, "Lindbergh said he hadn't any money with him, and asked if I had enough to take care of the expenses. I told him I had."

It was two o'clock in the morning when they arrived by motor at Norwalk, Connecticut, where they had been promised the use of a boat belonging to a Mr. Ziegler; but there had been a mix-up somewhere and the boat was not ready. Ziegler's captain volunteered to help them try to find another boat. An almost hopeless task at that hour, as they found out after searching all along the Mystic and Stonington water fronts.

AT Milford they were followed by some men in an automobile, possibly reporters; but by fast driving and quick turning Lindbergh, at the wheel, managed to shake off the pursuers. This was the only time they were spotted in the whole period Lindbergh was with them.

Along about three they located the trawler. They took Ziegler's captain with them to act as skipper. Lindbergh, Bruce, and Richard all crawled into the stuffy cabin and went to sleep; but Curtis stayed on watch until eleven the next morning—the limit of the time Larsen had named as safe for the gang to stay in those waters. Arriving so late and making so little speed, they hadn't begun to cover the whole course that had been agreed upon. Moreover, the visibility was low, and they wasted hours chasing craft which turned out to be only honest merchantmen. Finally there was nothing to do but put back into Stonington and arrange through Hilda for another contact.

The effort was doomed to failure from the start. The chance of a boat of the small size and slow speed of the trawler—navigated in strange waters by a strange crew, and without either searchlights or wireless—finding the kidnap vessel would seem to be about one in a thousand; whereas the big naval amphibian which Admiral MacDougal and Captain Whiting of the Norfolk Naval Base had placed at Curtis's disposal could have swept with its powerful lights the whole course outlined by the ruffians, with every chance of locating them long before dawn and rescuing the baby at once.

During his long watch that night Curtis made up his mind that if he were forced against his judgment to try to make contact by boat, he would insist on doing it in his own way and place. So, at his suggestion, they decided to use Norfolk henceforth as a base. This would enable them to operate from Curtis's own dock or from the naval base, to keep in touch with Captain Whiting, and to accept the offer of Curtis's friend Colonel Consolvos, proprietor of the Monticello Hotel in Norfolk, to make free use of his yacht, the Marcon.

Lindbergh went with the others to the Prince George Hotel in New York, where Curtis was now making his headquarters, and, after long study of the maps given Curtis by Captain Whiting, settled on a spot off the Virginia Capes near the Chesapeake Lightship for the next attempt at contact.

Curtis and Richard reached Norfolk at four o'clock in the afternoon of April 22. Lindbergh and Bruce arrived three hours later. The Marcon left Curtis's dock at eight.

No one saw the start; and even later no one discovered that Lindbergh was on board.

Only the yacht's captain, Lackmann, her mate, Stewart, and the four landsmen made the trip—the latter acting as crew, taking their turns at standing watches. Lindbergh was a good sport. He took his watches with the rest. Curtis was on deck most of the time.

"I never saw anybody who could go so long without sleep," the Colonel told him.

Lindbergh, Curtis said, was just the opposite. He needed a great deal of sleep, and got it. He slept in one of the bunks in the owner's cabin, and Curtis in the other. He always slept with his head under a pillow; told Curtis that he acquired the habit at Kelly Field to keep out the noise of the planes. Could drop off any time, and was desperately hard to wake. Lieutenant Richard fired off a revolver right over his head one time; Lindbergh only grunted.

Curtis's own arrangement with Larsen through Hilda was that he, Curtis, would go out to Chesapeake Lightship, sail twenty miles due east, and wait for the kidnap schooner to join them.

This seemed simple, but neither Curtis nor Larsen had counted on the weather.

The Marcon had no sooner got under way than a gale of wind swept the sea into such a turmoil that it was next to impossible either to keep a course or to remain for any length of time in the agreed upon spot.

This rough weather, sometimes accompanied by dense fog, persisted throughout their stay in these waters.

The wireless equipment was very important because it enabled the Marcon to keep in close touch with the naval base. Twice, when Captain Whiting's planes located schooners similar to the one Curtis was looking for, he wirelessed the encouraging news with such details as to location as were available. On one occasion a schooner corresponding accurately to Curtis's description was reported by Captain Whiting as being within two miles of the Marcon, but was invisible to her crew because of the dense fog.

ANOTHER time Lieutenant Schultz of Captain Whiting's forces reported that he had heard the prearranged radio signals apparently coming from Larsen's boat; but they never got through to the yacht.

The seas were mounting higher and higher, but Lindbergh insisted on staying out long after Curtis and the others felt that it was both dangerous and useless. One great heaving wave almost pitched Lindbergh out of bed, threw Curtis across the pilothouse, and wrenched the wheel from Captain Lackmann's hands. Between them, the two men just caught the controls in time to bring the boat up out of the trough. This was enough for Curtis, and he gave orders to turn back to port.

Lindbergh came on deck and seemed greatly surprised, and not a little put out, that the Marcon had turned back. He had been out, he said, in just that sort of sea in his small cruiser.

Some tall talking ensued, the result of which was that Curtis said that hereafter they would stay out there even if the storm carried the pilothouse away, and wouldn't turn back until the Colonel himself said it was too rough. It wasn't long before Lindbergh was glad enough to ask to be taken into quiet waters.

"I'm wrong," he said good-naturedly. "Don't rub it in any more."

When the Marcon finally turned back to Norfolk, Curtis soon learned from Hilda, who had come south at his request to continue to act as contact, that the weather had interfered even more than they knew with the success of their undertaking.

Larsen's ship had not stood up under the gales as well as the sturdy little Marcon. In fact, it had broken down and limped back into port for repairs!

This was but the beginning of the Curtis-Lindbergh sea adventures. Even stranger ones were to follow, and for a time the prospect of recovering the baby was to seem, according to Curtis, even brighter. But abruptly the skies were blackened by a tragic message. From whom? Mr. Fisher will tell you in Liberty next week.

When you're down . . .

When castles in Spain
Come crashing down,
There's one way to soften
Fortune's Frown—
Buy Beech-Nut Gum
At stand or store . . .
The flavor makes dreaming
Worthwhile once more!

. . pick up with BEECH-NUT GUM

BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM . . . is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM . . . candy coating protects a pleasing flavor . . . and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

BEECHIES . . . another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT . . . especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A *Beech-Nut Quality* product.

ORALGENE—Its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise . . . and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

THE Cats THAT LAUGHED LIKE LOVERS

by

MARIAN COCKRELL

The Story of a Devil's Triangle . . . A Weirdly Satanic Tale of a "Perfect Crime" and What Followed in Its Train

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

From time to time in the past Liberty has published some outstandingly unusual and fantastic stories. To members of the staff, who rate them as Beverly Hills does movies, they are known as "dark star stories." Here is another. We shall publish more if interest in them continues. What do our readers think?

DENNIS CORCORAN was a man of great determination. Morton Quarles recognized that fact judicially. And what Dennis Corcoran was determined to get, Morton Quarles was determined he should not have: Alice Quarles, his wife. The only way to thwart that determination was to remove the man who contained it.

He didn't like his wife much, but he would not relinquish what was his own to another man.

He sat at the desk in his library, staring thoughtfully at an inkwell, planning. His Siamese cat, Solomon, jumped up among his papers and sat there, washing his dark face. Solomon's body was cream-colored, and his feet, tail, ears, and face were dark brown. He looked rather like a monkey. A devil monkey.

Morton Quarles stroked the cat. "Am I right, Solomon?" he asked.

"Wwrrouw," said Solomon, gazing at him with inscrutable turquoise eyes. Sheba, who was Mrs. Solomon, came stalking into the room, and Solomon leaped from the desk and chased her up on to a bookcase. . . .

"Pack a bag for me," Morton Quarles said to his wife that night at dinner. "I'm going to Washington. Eight-thirty train. Be gone overnight."

Her blue eyes widened, then became expressionless.

"I'll take a taxi," he told her. "No, don't call one. I'll get one at the drugstore. I want some tooth paste. You never keep up the supplies in this house."

He bought tooth paste at the drugstore, called a cab, and went to the station. As he had planned, he missed the

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARL LINK

train. He took another taxi back to his home, and told the man to stop at the driveway.

He crept softly up the driveway, went into the garage and started the engine of his car. It was a new car, and purred softly.

Dennis would come unobtrusively on foot across the lawns, filled with that unpleasant determination that had from time to time thwarted Morton Quarles in business, and now was directed toward his home. He would walk in front of the garage—the dark, apparently deserted garage. Morton Quarles waited. . . .

There wasn't even a trial. Morton Quarles had come home, having missed his train. He was getting out his car to drive to Washington. He was in a hurry. As the car came out of the garage, Dennis Corcoran had stepped into its path. Morton Quarles had been unable to stop. It was a terrible accident. No, he didn't know what Dennis Corcoran had been doing there. Probably coming informally to call. He often did. He lived just down the street. . . .

Alice Quarles didn't leave him. Maybe she didn't suspect. Anyway, she had no near relatives, no money. . . .

Solomon came into the living room and rubbed himself against Alice. He seemed particularly fond of her lately.

"What is it, Solomon?" Alice said. "Do you want some milk?

"You do?" Then: "Look, Morton!" She pointed to the cat. "Solomon, do you want some milk?"

The cat nodded his head emphatically.

"Hey!" said Morton Quarles. "Did he do that before?"

"Ye-e-es," she said in a scared voice. She hurried out.

Morton Quarles had a queer feeling in his stomach.

"Do—do you want to go out, Solomon?" he asked experimentally.

Solomon shook his head.

"Do you—understand what I'm saying, Solomon?"

The cat nodded again.

"I don't believe it!" Morton Quarles said wildly.

Solomon threw back his head—and laughed! Horrible, ghastly laughter.

Alice, coming in, gave a little shriek and dropped the saucer of milk.

Solomon walked over to her, raised a paw and pointed toward the kitchen. Alice ran.

THERE was no doubt about it: Solomon could understand the English language. Sheba was terrified of him. She wouldn't go near him.

One night Morton Quarles came in quietly and heard Alice talking:

"You've changed—lately, Solomon. Are you—are—you—some one—some one else?" The cat nodded again.

"Are you—some one I know—knew?"

Solomon nodded eagerly.

"D-d-dennis?" Another nod. Alice screamed softly and fainted.

The cat looked up and saw Quarles. Again that unearthly screech of laughter filled the room.

Slow clammy terror spread and grew in Morton Quarles. With his eyes on the cat he slowly stooped and picked up his wife and backed from the room.

As the days went on, Morton Quarles began to take a vindictive pleasure in the cat. He would sneer at him.

"Did you think you could steal *my* wife? Did you think I didn't know?"

Dennis gleamed at him. When the light caught his eyes they were blood-red.

Quarles laughed derisively. "I can leave you in the house with her all day now," he exulted. "I don't have to worry. . . . You don't seem to get on so well with your own wife. Doesn't Sheba like you?"

Solomon hunched his shoulders and smiled secretively.

Alice avoided her husband. She hated him now; he could feel it. He was sure the cat had told her—some way—that it was murder.

"I'm going to get rid of that cat!" he said at last. "Do you hear?"

"No—no!" Alice exclaimed. "You can't! It would be"—she was breathing heavily—"murder, Morton." She looked past him, hypnotized.

He wheeled nervously. Solomon was standing there, his lips drawn back from pointed teeth, one foot raised, sharp claws spread. Morton Quarles reached behind him for the poker.

The cat grinned horribly. Then his fearful cat laughter vibrated through the room as he ran out into the hall.

Quietly Alice slipped from the room. It was a few minutes before Morton Quarles noticed that she had gone. Something rubbed against his leg.

IT was Sheba. She looked up at him and miaowed. Her blue eyes were just as always, her dark monkey face strange only in coloring. There was nothing inside looking out, watching. Just the same, he didn't like her any more. He'd never like cats again.

He went to look for his wife.

He found her in the dining room. Solomon was sitting on the table, and Alice was sitting in a chair, gazing into his eyes. Those strange, compelling, determined eyes.

"Must I, Dennis?" he heard her say softly. "Tonight?"

The cat turned his hypnotic gaze toward him, and Alice's eyes followed it. At sight of him she shrank back.

That night Morton Quarles sat up in bed with his back against it, his eyes turning, turning, boring into the shadows. He had a pistol in his hand. Would she try to shoot him?

Then he heard the scream. Alice's voice. He rushed into her room. There was no one, nothing, there. A cat miaowed outside. A calling sound, urgent. He got to the window and looked out.

There, two stories down, lying on the cement walk that went around the house, was his wife, Alice, a pale white figure in the moonlight.

He ran downstairs. She was quite dead.

He carried her into the house. He turned on all the lights in the library and sat down at his desk, picking up the phone. He called the family doctor. The doctor could notify any one else who should be called.

When the cats came in, he couldn't move. Solomon and Sheba. Sheba hung back at the door, and Solomon took her by the back of the neck and urged her forward. The two cats jumped up on the desk and sat there, telling him something with their eyes which narrowed and opened and narrowed again. Fiery red eyes.

Then Solomon, in a queerly human gesture, put his arm around Sheba's neck—and they *both* laughed—that crazy cat laughter, that screeching, triumphant, unholy glee.

Screaming like a maniac, Morton Quarles reached into the pocket of his dressing gown. The cats leaped to the floor and scampered away. He rushed after them, shooting wildly.

Where were they? Where *were* they? He pursued them on to the lawn. Shot after shot he poured into the shadows drunkenly. He couldn't find them.

Slowly he staggered back into the house and sat at his desk again. Waiting for the doctor to take care of his wife. His wife!

There was a scratching on the screen of the window by his desk. He looked up.

Two pairs of redly gleaming eyes peered at him maddeningly. He jumped up. Two sets of pointed teeth jeeringly bared for a moment, then two dark shapes dropped lightly to the ground and moved swiftly across the moonlit lawn. Weird mocking demon laughter beat on his ears, died away on the night.

Dennis Corcoran was a man of great determination.

THE END

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

DR. WILLIAM HALL HOLDEN goes hunting among tropic tribes for rare native poisons that may be used in changed form by our own medicine men to lengthen life instead of hastening death. I talked with him the other day, shortly after his return from the jungles of British Guiana.

DR. WILLIAM HALL HOLDEN

"In one village," he said, "the social queen was an old dowager who wore five ordinary pins pushed through her underlip with the points sticking out like porcupine quills. She could suck the pins in, then suddenly pop them out again with startling effect. This distinction made her the envied leader of all the girls."

The tribal medicine men permitted Dr. Holden to obtain samples of their deadly arrow poison, which it is thought may prove to be of scientific value here in the treatment of certain heart complaints. But they refused unconditionally to let him learn the secret of the birth-control drug they feed to their women with remarkable results, regulating the population of their settlements almost at will.

Dr. Holden does his poison hunting under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History, where he is a member of the medical staff. Wants to go back to the Guiana jungle and dig out that birth-control stuff, also another secret or two that the natives are keeping to themselves.

● Man's eccentricity makes so much trouble for most women that we surely can rejoice when it works out the other way.

A boardinghouse widow talked and talked to her casual acquaintances about the fine points of food. She had been a scholarly cook before her husband died and her children grew up. Now she had nobody left to cook for, but she still enjoyed talking about it. One day a grumpy old fellow boarder said, "Madam, I've been listening to you. You love to cook. I love to eat. Fine food is my only genuine interest in life. I own an excellent home which I don't live in because it bores me. I'll pay you a hundred dollars a month to go there and cook my lunch and dinner every day. We'll continue to room here, and we won't say a word to any one. Are you agreeable?" She was.

Eccentric, of course—yet his idea has brought happiness to two lonely people. She cooks and he eats. No sentiment, no undue intimacy—just cooking.

● Millinery Note: England's royal crown is being done over to fit the new king as neatly and handsomely as his derby hats. Jewelers now busy revamping the crown for his coronation next spring are using the same head-shape model on which his jaunty derbies were built for him when he was the debonair Prince of Wales.

● You may not know these tricks in the art of concocting cold summer drinks: Lemonade has more flavor if brewed with boiling water and then chilled. . . . To approximate the famous Russian fruit kvass, blend 2 tablespoons canned cranberry juice with 1 teaspoon raspberry syrup, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and 1 teaspoon gin in tall glass filled half and half with plain ice water and cold sparkling water. . . . Iced coffee is improved by a dash of vanilla. . . . Ripe limes are better than green ones. . . . A slice of cucumber rind adds to the refreshing quality of raspberry and other fruit-syrup beverages. . . . *Floster* is the name of a pleasant old drink made with 1 small glass sherry wine, ½ teaspoon almond extract, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 slices lemon, sparkling water, and ice. . . . All fruit drinks taste more interesting with the addition of a few borage leaves, but borage is hard to find nowadays. . . . Try a dash of *burnt* rum in iced tea.

● *Modern* indeed was the recent wedding in Moscow of Harold Denny, New York Times correspondent there, and his American bride, *née* Jean Bullit Lowry of Virginia. They were wed at the Soviet bureau of marriages and divorces, with United States consular officers present to make the tie binding at home. Thrice was their nuptial ceremony interrupted for a few minutes by Russian couples who just stepped in to get divorced. After a wedding breakfast in Moscow, Mr. and Mrs. Denny took off by airplane for their honeymoon, stopping at Berlin for lunch, Amsterdam for cocktails, London for dinner. How's that for *keeping up with the times?*

● Of value, I think, to many women in business is J. O. Dahl's new book, Soda Fountain and Luncheonette Management. (Published by the Dahl's Hospitality Guild, Stamford, Connecticut.)

● Old-fashioned floral jewelry is in style again. Buy it quick if you find any, because there isn't much to be had, and the smart girls are after it tooth and nail. The more maidenly it looks, the better it is. Amethyst pansies, turquoise forget-me-nots, daisy flowers made of pearls—that's the stuff! It is rapidly ousting our paste-and-diamond glitter. I, for one, am thoroughly in sympathy with the revival of gem-flower ornaments. They are decorative and they have individuality. A prized one, now, is the green-enameled clover leaf that our Gibson-girl beauties of thirty years ago used to pin on their shirtwaist bosoms.

HOLLYWOOD'S New PURITY TAPE MEASURE

What Will Be Done About the Pope's Censorship Plan?—Here Is the Industry's Answer

by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

IN a fourth-floor office at No. 5504 Hollywood Boulevard, in Hollywood, sits a stocky, ruddy, pleasant man of forty-six who probably has more influence in standardizing world thinking than Mussolini, Hitler, or Stalin. And, if we should accept the valuation of this man's own business, possibly more than the Pope. His name is Joe Breen.

That Pope Pius realizes the tremendous power of the movie was apparent in his recent encyclical letter. "There exists today," says His Holiness, "no means of influencing the masses more potent than the cinema." He demands that further precautions be taken, that special offices be set up in every country to pass upon pictures for those of the faith. That the encyclical letter may bring about a new campaign against Hollywood is apparent. This, too, in spite of movieland's co-operation with the Catholic Legion of Decency. But the Pope's move against the movies has served to bring Mr. Breen into the spotlight.

Unless you are in the motion-picture industry, you never have heard of Joe Breen. He deliberately keeps in the background. He abhors publicity. But he wields a tremendous power unheard of in American history.

Breen and seven associates of the Will Hays organization—the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc.—pass on all pictures before they are started. They apply the moral tape measure, and if the story passes the test, it can go into work. Moreover, they pass upon the costumes of the women players—particularly the ladies of the ensemble. Here an eighth of an inch north or south might be demoralizing to the world masses. Mr. Breen and his aides also pass upon all lyrics of musical pictures. When they get through, the verses are clean as nursery rhymes. And they pass upon all advertising matter. Who knows when some zealous advertising manager might get out a billboard poster with sly innuendoes three feet high? Mr. Breen takes no chances.

He heads what is officially called the Production Code Administration. People are rude enough to say that he and his staff perform "censorship at the source." I have promised not to quote the retiring Mr. Breen, but it seems to me that his answer might be that he is endeavoring to aid the creation of pictures that will be reasonably acceptable to reasonable people. Yes, I believe his answer would be just that.

Pope Pius XI, who called for further censorship of movies.

Here's how the movie laundry machine works. All the important producers in America are members of the Hays organization. They have a signed agreement that any story film, long or short, shall conform to a code and that a violation of this will bring about a fine of $25,000. The code is an elaborate one. It bars many things, but in the main it states that pictures must show that crime or sin cannot be profitable or desirable, at least in the long run.

The creation of the code immediately indicated that supervision must take place before a story could go before a camera. Otherwise, expensive changes and delays would occur. Costly scenes might have to be scrapped. So Breen and his staff developed the present method.

In 1935 the Breen staff passed on 5,358 stories, plays, scripts, etc. Of these, 519 feature-length stories reached the screen. In 1934 it passed on 2,602. The Breen office is the sounding board for all sorts of complaints. It has received as high as 5,000 letters a month from the public telling how to make pictures. These are considered for what they are worth.

Most of these complaints come from organizations protesting the use of one of their number as a screen villain. The time is fast approaching when any sort of scoundrel will be protested. Right now Mr. Breen says that the only safe villain is an American native-born white without a job and without political, religious, or fraternal affiliations.

If the villain is a foreigner, the nation he represents invariably protests. Mussolini, for instance, has gone as far as to bar any undignified reference to spaghetti. Put it in, and none of your films will show in Italy.

The coal industry protested Black Fury, although Warner Brothers, the producers, bent over backward to show both sides of the anthracite problem.

Any reference to antimilitarism is barred everywhere abroad. So is any suggestion of a successful revolution. Why does Hollywood worry about what Europe wants or

Paramount photo

"Breen and his associates pass upon costumes of women players—particularly the ladies of the ensemble. Drinking on the screen is another problem. He believes that liquor is menacing in a modern film." Evidently these problems were solved in the scenes which are pictured at right and left. Below: Joe Breen.

M-G-M photo

Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., photo

doesn't want? Because—as has been pointed out in Liberty—the profits on a successful picture come from abroad, after American audiences have paid the costs.

You may say that the Breen power is obviously a potential menace to mass thinking. But it's the answer to the problems of one of the world's biggest businesses. Local censorship troubles continually faced movie producers in the old days. One film company always added $10,000 to each picture's budget to cover changes which would be necessitated. Those days have passed.

The Breen office has been confronted with various cycles of films. For instance, there was the eternal plot of the wife or the daughter who cut up gaily for five or six reels and was forgiven by the understanding husband or father at the end. Mr. Breen—no quotes, you know—says that men protested everywhere. They resented the plot. Women wouldn't get away with it in real life. So Mr. Breen saw to it that the cycle ended.

Then there was the wave of gangster films in which the hoodlum was killed after enjoying six thousand celluloid feet or so of blondes, expensive cars, and night clubs. Reformers around the country said that boys, viewing these epics, were turned to crime. So the Breen guillotine acted and the gangster films ended.

Next the Department of Justice requested help and along came the G-men films. Then the Hays office discovered that forty-eight G-men films were in work or in preparation. That was felt to be bad for the public morals and the companies were ordered to stagger them. None has been started in three months.

Drinking on the screen is a problem. Mr. Breen believes that liquor is all right in historical films but menacing in a modern film. That's why a cocktail shaker is a pretty scarce article on a Hollywood set.

Profanity is rare, or rarer, than the cocktail. Again, you can't—positively can't—make a comic figure of a parson. And there are a lot of other rules. Yet, for the most, Mr. Breen says he tries to be reasonable.

Here exactly is how the system works: Producer Blank considers the purchase of a story. He sends a synopsis to Mr. Breen, who has two members of his staff read the outline that night. Next morning at ten o'clock a report on this story, as well as many others, is considered at a general meeting of the Breen staff. A written opinion is prepared, but the decision is final in nearly every instance. If the story passes, the Breen staff will see it again in several forms—in synopsis; in a complete script; after it has been filmed. On an average the Breen staff sees a single script exactly three and five eighths times.

From an official statement on the Breen procedure:

"If, in the reading of original books and plays or scripts, violations of the code are observed, the material is returned to the studio with recommendation that corrections be made. If the entire plot of the story is bad, the Production Code Administration staff may confer with the producers, authors, and directors to determine whether the story can be changed to conform to the code. Often it becomes necessary to reject a story completely, and it is then abandoned.

"While a picture is in the stages of production, a director may 'write in' a new sequence or a line, or add a character. These changes are submitted for approval or rejection as they occur. Frequent conferences are held to settle minor questions as to costumes, lyrics, the reading of lines. Many times members of the Production Code Administration are asked to view the 'rushes,' shots of questionable sequences, before they are fitted into the complete picture. Thus . . . the acceptability of the motion picture is practically assured in advance of its completion."

Once in a while there appears to be a slip-up. There was Mae West's recent Klondike Annie. Some say that the picture was shot, cut, and previewed before the Breen office got a chance; others, that certain sure-to-be-discarded scenes got into the preview, and that the incident was magnified. Anyway, after the preview the Breen scissors made drastic slashes.

You probably want to know more about the powerful Mr. Breen. I did, too. His full cognomen is Joseph I. Breen and, he was born in Philadelphia in 1890. For twenty years he was a newspaperman in Philadelphia, New York, and other cities. He was with the Associated Press for a time. Then he was taken ill. After he recovered he was attached to the Peabody Company of Chicago in exploiting coal-tar products. In 1930 he joined Will Hays. He dislikes publicity. Thinks it dangerous.

Besides the stories, Mr. Breen O. K.'s all movie settings. They must be in what he considers good taste and capable of offending no one. He passes on all costumes. All lyrics go before him. And so do all "stills"—the scene pictures made during a film for use in publicity and in the magazines and newspapers. Every one must have the Breen stamp of approval. He passed on 100,810 in 1935; rejected 808.

Now let me tell you about one or two pictures you won't see. The outstanding Broadway stage hit of the last season was Robert Sherwood's Idiot's Delight. Even so,

I doubt if the play will be filmed. It touches on Communism, it shows the beginning of another world war, and —worse yet—the heroine is a lady of loose morals. (As I write this it is whispered in Hollywood that Paramount may buy the play, changing it a lot before production. We shall see.)

Another successful novel and Broadway stage play was The Postman Always Rings Twice. The hero was a tough hombre who helped the wife of a gas-station owner knock off her husband for the insurance. A motion-picture company paid $25,000 to James Cain, the author, for this story, apparently without reading it. Anyway, the company let the rights revert back to the author. The Postman Always Rings Twice is on the Breen proscribed list.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer went to great pains with Pearl Buck's The Good Earth. Official aid was loaned by the Chinese government, and you will find that the revolution is played down. Also, a brigand becomes something else again. China kicked and had its way.

Paramount invested something like $200,000 in the racy stage comedy hit, Sailor Beware. Then Mr. Hays—or Mr. Breen—said no. Now Paramount has changed the title to Lady Be Careful. As for the story, you won't know it when you see it—at least, not $200,000 worth.

A recent Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, The Devil Doll, starring Lionel Barrymore, was originally called The Witch of Timbuctoo. The British government kicked about the use of Timbuctoo, and Mr. Hays didn't like the word witch, perhaps fearing a typographical error. Also the chief character was changed, at Britain's urging, from an evil worker of the black arts to a mere mad scientist. Then the studio check-up department discovered that the villain was called Duvall. There are too many Duvalls in France, so a new name was given the character.

Both Metro and Warner Brothers now maintain special check-up departments. At each studio research bureaus work day in and day out checking every name, phone number, street address, restaurant, club, hotel, and theater used in a script. Such names or numbers must be nonexistent. This department, too, sees to it that nonexistent auto-license numbers are used. These precautions grew out of the way the public sues at the slightest opening.

YET even the highly systematized Mr. Breen gets his surprises. Jimmy Cagney in Ceiling Zero had a speech which ran: "I'll be home soon, boys; I can smell Jersey City." The Jersey metropolis kicked violently and the line was cut after the release of the film.

Recently the Kansas City Board of Censors kicked at a flash of teletype in G-Men announcing that the criminal was "last seen in Kansas City."

The Massachusetts board had a bad spell over a scene in George Arliss's Disraeli, of all pictures. "Damn your collar!" said Disraeli—in every state but Massachusetts. There it was cut.

What will Hollywood do politically during the national campaign? Nothing.

You will never know there is an election around the corner, from anything you see in Hollywood drama. This question came up officially awhile back. No action was taken—but nobody is touching politics.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—A famed orator, he lived some ninety-four years. Born at Peekskill, New York, a graduate of Yale, he was an unsuccessful candidate for the G. O. P. Presidential nomination the year of the blizzard. Can you identify a former prexy of a great Eastern railroad from this early photo?

2—What mineral possesses polarity?

3—Who was the pioneer producer of vaudeville in the United States?

4—What word describes a small mole-like mammal and a brawling woman?

5—Which was the first state to pass an unemployment compensation law?

6—The tusks of what animal produce ivory of greatest value?

7—What country recently barred advertising from the radio for ten more years?

8—Where is it against the law to throw away old razor blades?

9—An aardvark eats what?

10—Of the eight cities originally represented in the American (baseball) League, how many remain?

11—What New Testament book is a letter written to a lady?

12—Which island off the Virginia coast is noted for oysters and wild ponies?

13—India has fifty miles of the world's sweetest roads. Why?

14—Whose invention was most responsible for introducing women into the business world?

15—What was sealed at Runnymede by King John on June 15, 1215?

16—How much liquor may returning American tourists bring into the United States free of duty?

17—What continent is nine tenths desert?

18—Does the Governor of Michigan or the High Commissioner of the Philippines receive $18,000 a year?

19—What was originally the name of the Girl Scouts?

20—Which President became director of a mutual life insurance company?

(Answers will be found on page 53)

Your Chances are Slim

WHEN YOU BUY THE *unknown*

● Probak Jr., product of the world's largest blade maker, now sells at 4 for 10c. This smooth-shaving double-edge blade guarantees you real shaving comfort. Buy a package of Probak Jr. blades today.

PROBAK JUNIOR

BOUGHT copy by copy
READ page by page

Liberty's *retail circulation* is self-adjusting to business conditions. Where (and when) conditions are good, we sell more copies—which means your advertising goes where you can sell more goods.

In Liberty's make-up, stories and articles aren't bunched in the first few pages and "continued on page so-and-so," but are arranged consecutively for easy, convenient reading, which means that every advertisement is in a "preferred position."

STOP Itching TORTURE *In One Minute*

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Dennis' pure, cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

Conducted by Major Bowes

MAJOR BOWES

GREETINGS, amateur family:

I am rather hard put to it to decide which phase of this contest I enjoyed the more: the selection of material or the voting. Although many of you have not contributed to the page, you have shown your interest through the wholehearted enthusiastic voting for your particular favorites. It is your response to some of the real talent that has been shown on this page that will lend the courage for many to go on to promising careers. It is, therefore, with deep regret that I bring to a close our successful Amateur Writers Contest for the present.

Major Edward Bowes.

Page Joe Miller for N. L. Reyna, Jr., of La Joya, Texas.

OLD MAN *(pointing down street)*: Say, little fellow, is this the quickest way to St. John's Hospital?

SMALL BOY: No, sir. Get in front of a taxicab and you'll be there before you know it!

Charming and true to life, with a keen sense of genuine human interest, is the entry of Helen Bullock of Dallas, Texas.

EVIDENCE

Flung carelessly upon a chair,
An old slouch hat
Tells me you had no time to spare.
The wrinkled mat
Tells me you stumbled in your haste.
The fire unlit
Confesses that you did not waste
Your time a bit.
The grass unmowed, the gard'ning rite
You used to do
Undone, tells me that you tonight
Are not my *you!*
A perfume sweet, a missing tie,
Small tasks undone,
Tell me you've found a girl, and I
Have lost a son.

Frank Fiddes of Buffalo, New York, shows ingenuity and a keen sense of humor in his cartoon.

"She loves me—she loves me not!"

AMATEURS!

Publication of this page is regretfully concluded with this issue. It is, however, possible that it may be resumed later. In the meantime no further contributions can be considered. Watch Liberty for the names of winners of the weekly prizes yet to be announced.

A wise remark concerning matrimony comes from Bob McSweeney of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

Sam Sage says: Marriage is like a life-insurance policy—divorce being the cancellation, and alimony the cash surrender value.

This very fine portrait sketch was executed by Louis Gross, a redcap at Toronto Union Station. His ambition is to be a commercial artist, and certainly such worthy talent should not go unsung.

Annelle Stover, eighteen years old, of Heath Springs, South Carolina, who wants to be a newspaper columnist, gives a one-sentence explanation of her generation.

They call us a callous generation, but it takes something hard to take the knocks we get.

Trueman Utterback of North Terre Haute, Indiana, submits a smart saying.

WISE CHILD

"Sammy," asked the teacher, "how many make a million."

"Not many," answered Sammy.

Harry A. Stone, chartered accountant, of Toronto, Ontario, writes, "Here's hoping I don't get the gong," as he enters his amusing cartoon.

"I knew I was a sap to invest in this quintuplet equipment!"

Here are two brain children of Edith Zittler, Chicago, Illinois. They are both very witty and contain a good deal of pungent philosophy.

This world would be a much more pleasant place to live in if we all confined our cross words to puzzles.

Some people take life as they do a swinging door—always trying to get by on some one else's push.

HONORABLE MENTION

Honorable mention this week for their poems goes to A. H. S. Nottage, Port Chester, N. Y.; Ann C. Milewski, Bridgeport, Conn., and to Paul Whiteford, Newark, Ohio. For snapshots, to Patricia Banner, Rushville, Ind.; Mrs. Leonard Thompson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Cora E. Stearns, Urbana, Ill. For short stories, to H. Frank Coutts, Trenton, Ont.; Alberta Wilson Spearman, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; Alice E. Dennis, Choteau, Mont.; Mrs. Gertrude Phillips Merrick, Taylors Falls, Minn.; Ardath Jo Green, Pennington Gap, Va.; H. G. Street, Jackson, Miss.

PRIZE WINNERS, JUNE 27

First prize of $25 goes to Karl Haffner, New York City. Second prize of $10 to Gretchen F. Bremermann, Los Angeles, Calif. Third prizes of $5 each go to Lea Lyons of Birmingham, Ala.; Bruce W. Estabrooke, Hyde Park, Mass.; and William Dwyer, Trenton, N. J.

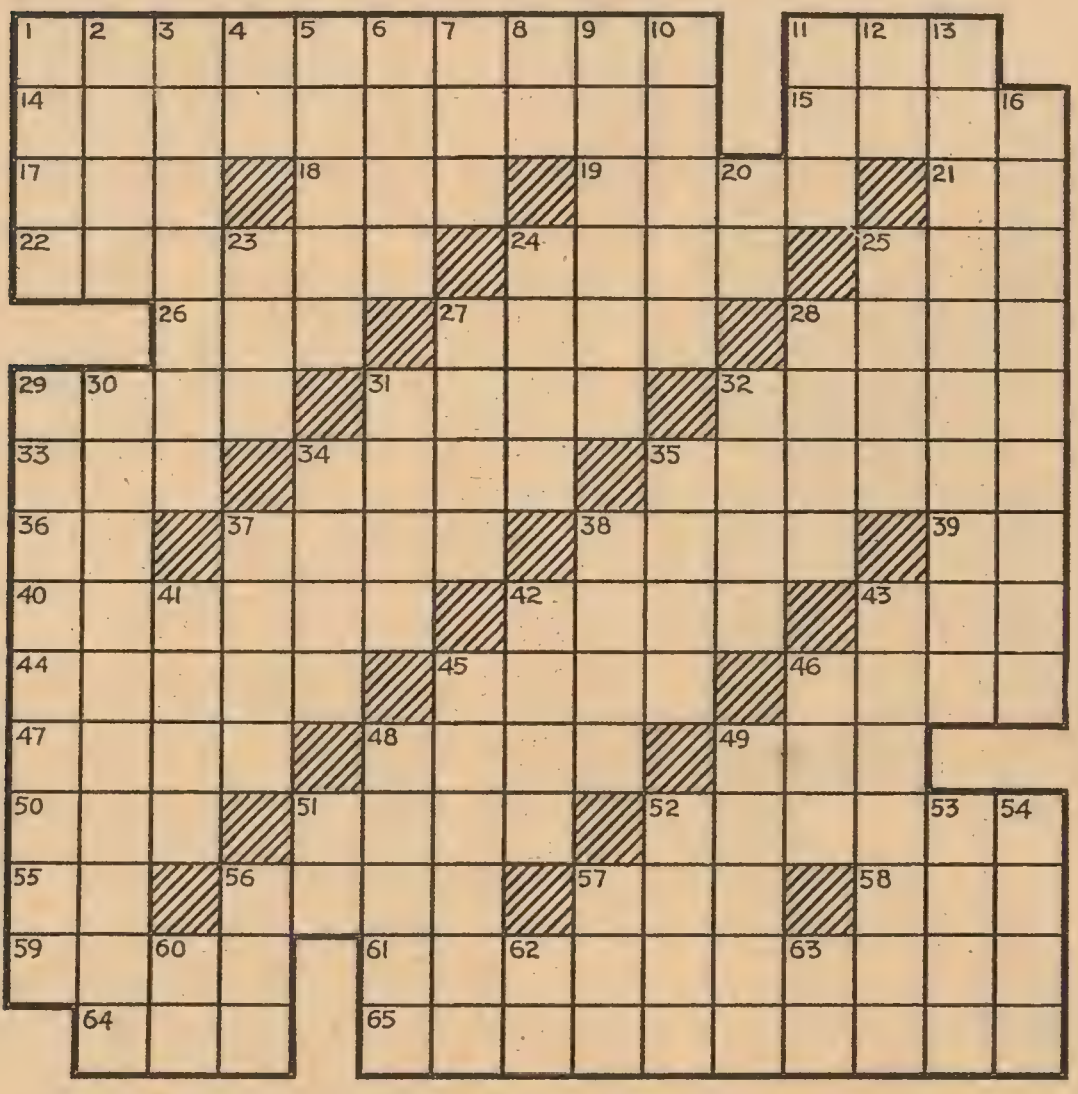
VOTERS!

ADDITIONAL AWARDS BY READERS' VOTES: A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Cockeyed Crosswords

by TED SHANE



DIKE MIRED BOER
HARES ORONO ERRED
OVENS LODES LEAVE
PIN ELAN RAIL SEA
STERNER EGGS DELL
ACT TRIESTE
BRUCE LAIC URANIA
RUSK SALE MAIDENS
ASE LIRE SING GAS
KERNELS SENT DUNE
ESSENE ROAD LOSES
WANDERS PET
ALAS COST SEVERAL
JAM HELP TONE UNA
ARISE LITER RENEW
RECUR ATONE EVENS
SEND RENTS TEST

Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Always leap year for him!
11 Turkish flowerpot used for crowning, and felt, too
14 The call of love (two words)
15 Doughnuts made of rope
17 What racketeers hope their racket'll get them
18 This is singular: every dog has two
19 What a weak woman likes to do on a strong man
21 A word of preference
22 Corps today, corpses tomorrow
24 He gets awful nervous near a sausage grinder
25 Supersuds
26 Raises the pot
27 What DiMaggio rarely ever does with a bat
28 Awahian
29 What a sock properly applied to the jaw does
31 Haybag
32 A son of Italy
33 Half a rank higher than a middy (abbr.)
34 Shining example of the silver standard
35 Kind of camera Frank wanted
36 A rule that never varies (abbr.)
37 He carved his name on Tombstone's
38 What Cyclops snapped off for a toothpick
39 Cockeyed Enthusiasts (Hurray!) (abbr.)
40 What Yehudi Menuhins do around the house
42 This started good and has become superlative here
43 It's best to remove the tomatoes before throwing
44 A little study for ivory massagers
45 Worst thing Galsworthy let fall from his pen
46 Most popular season
47 Zeus's maw
48 Funny how this spells Faster for some motorists!
49 Just a backward rat
50 Wheelless carriage
51 Missing cats and dogs often turn up in one
52 Gracie Allen says if you call Swedes Swedish, why not call people with big feet this?
55 The end of that grand old Greek Themisteopopulos
56 Dumb belle
57 More than is
58 Ham on the pan
59 This warms up the coldest French gal, even in December
61 Increases for young builder uppers
64 She often has twelvetuplets but nobody pays any attention
65 I understand its present occupants intend staying another four years (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Attention caller
2 Midget's swimming pool
3 Bumpy seas for land yachts blown off the beaten course
4 You can do this with "ease"
5 Things late homecoming inebriates miss
6 Dump decor
7 He's sharing nothing with everybody these days
8 What a gal wives arahnd the London ot spots
9 Bulldogs get one the last thing every night
10 Heritage of the poor (pl.)
11 One hovers over every sleeper and needs bopping
12 Ethiopian Outcasts (abbr.)
13 Conditions are beastly in this kind of garden
16 Apex of the American Pyramid
20 Behold squashed to fit
23 This gal used to have plenty
24 A man who's a goat where his pants ought to be
25 Between
27 What no great flyer is
28 An uncle in lace panties
29 Democratic member of the Republican Party
30 Strong contrast
31 The ads say this clogs
32 First thing a shoemaker thinks of in the morning
34 It grunts, snorts, growls, burps, roars—yet no home's complete without one
35 Playboy and girls
37 Epic of the frozen North
38 Prominent note in the Backfence Orchestra
41 Two in a singular mood (songular)
42 Chinese genuflection
43 Santa Claus's nag
45 To hit the peroxide bottle
46 Parked the old chassis
48 Fabled backbreaker
49 Down in the mouth pickets
51 This way
52 The port the Scotchman sent for
53 Two-legged pups we don't drown
54 They usually give a gal a run for her money
56 This was a flop this summer
57 What Guinevere called her all-in-all
60 F. D. R. and this run the U. S. A., Inc.
62 A century and an ace (Latin)
63 Woof-woof, or don't you know your Number Song?

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

• SPOUT WON'T TEAR OUT!

IODIZED OR PLAIN

COSTS ONLY 2¢ A WEEK

WHEN IT RAINS
It Pours

Bridal Veil Falls are one of Yosemite Park's many charms. Their drop of 620 feet is just 4 times that of Niagara!

Women everywhere are changing to Morton's because it offers them more conveniences than ordinary salt. First, its amazingly uniform cube-shaped crystals don't stick together on rainy days the way irregular ones do. Second, its circular package fits the hand, making for greater ease of filling saltcellars. And, third, it has a securely-hinged spout that won't tear out long before salt has been used up. Yet it costs but 2c a week to enjoy!

Todd started to his feet. More than one emotion flickered across his face. He looked squarely at the prisoner, then at her guards.

HELL

by LOWELL

with KENNETH

READING TIME

"We Stand at Armageddon"... Tyre, and Good Will... Farewell to a

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

TODD GILNEY—in his headquarters in the "street which is called Straight" in Damascus—concluded his story:

. . . . .

A Handley-Page bomber droned out of the moonlight. It dropped a dozen bombs—and almost won the Battle of Armageddon before it had really begun.

Ross Smith was the pilot. At half past one in the morning he took off from Ramleh and flew north. The plane was big; it was silhouetted against the moon; it was slow and noisy. The Turks in the front-line trenches probably saw it. They *must* have heard it.

They should have guessed what was in store for them and warned their headquarters. They didn't.

When Ross Smith was finished, they couldn't!

Liman von Sanders commanded the Turks. His headquarters was in Nazareth—where Jesus learned the carpenter trade of Joseph. But the principal Turkish signal station was a few miles out of town. All the wires from enemy headquarters to the front, and most of those to Tulkarm and Nablus, passed through the little town of Afule.

Ross Smith roared down on Afule. He leveled off a few hundred feet off the ground; he laid his eggs. A dozen explosions split the night—three of them perfect hits! That was enough. When our cavalry dashed through Afule later in the day they found the broken ends of practically every Turkish telegraph wire in those three craters.

The Turks still didn't realize that the "great day of battle" was upon them. They decided that Smith had merely scored some lucky hits while making a routine raid. They went back to bed.

That suited us. We didn't make another sound to awaken them until after the moon had set at four o'clock. We didn't lay down a preliminary barrage; we didn't fire a gun until half an hour later. Then we fired a hundred, and with the first gun flash the infantry jumped to the attack.

The Turk defenses were at Arsuf. The Punjabis and the Kumaun Rifles struck first. They swarmed across our four *new* bridges over the Auja River—bridges that we had actually built right under the nose of Johnny Turk without him getting wise to our plans.

How did we do it? We organized "bridging schools" for engineers. For months the engineers built bridges and then took them down. At first it worried von Sanders, but he got used to it—and finally the boys built their bridges *and didn't take them down.*

The surprise was just as complete as it was at Beersheba. Our guns kept most of the Turkish artillery out of action. The Punjabis broke the front lines like so much paper. They took the second lines and stopped for breath. The cockneys raced past and shattered the third and last line. The Turk infantry were still wondering what had hit them as they marched to prison camps.

It happened just as fast as I am telling it. We completely crushed the Turk defenses by the sea within ten minutes. Arsuf was ours—but that was only the beginning. The real clean-up lay ahead.

Allenby's plan called for the army to pivot on its right flank. The right would remain stationary while the left

ILLUSTRATION BY

IN THE HOLY LAND

'HOMAS

ROWN COLLINGS

MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Sidon, Damascus . . . Triumph, Peace, Thrilling Story of the "Last Crusade"

forged ahead, then turned inland and pinned the Turks against the Judean hills.

That was a job for the cavalry. The infantry had drilled the hole; the Desert Mounted Corps plunged through it and streamed northward. When I saw the boys gallop off I sort of wished I could go along, but I had orders to observe the fight from the air.

Hog Hampshire went along, with one of his pet wireless sets on a pack mule. He had asked for the duty when he found out that I had to fly and leave him.

I said, "Good-by, Hampshire. I'll see you in Damascus—with luck."

"Me?" he grinned. "I always have good luck."

He was wrong this time. I'll tell you about it later.

The cavalry stopped for nothing, not even prisoners. The infantry who followed could take care of that sort of thing. The cavalry had to keep plugging, the farther the better. It had to advance into Samaria; swing right; cut off the possible Turkish routes of retreat.

It did—and how! By nine in the morning the Desert Mounted Corps was out in the open and streaming northeast. And "streaming" is the word. They flowed across Samaria like a flooding river. It was "fluid" warfare; it was a veritable deluge.

Allenby's preliminary plans were already assured of success; but now he saw a chance to score a far more sweeping victory. The Turks were hopelessly confused because of their lack of communications. The only way von Sanders could learn of what was going on was by airplane—and we didn't let him do that.

I was waiting on the field at Sarona before daylight. I was going to ride with Elton in a Bristol fighter. Our mission was observation and liaison, with maybe a bit of bombing thrown in to vary the monotony. The eighteen Australian SE-5s on the field had a different job.

They were detailed to sit on top of the Turkish airdrome at Jenin and see that no enemy airplane left the ground.

It was a tough assignment—but how those boys carried it out! The SEs were single-seaters, but mechanics fitted them with racks to carry four light bombs each. The pilots loaded aboard all the machine-gun ammunition that they could carry and still stagger off the ground. They took off in relays.

The first pair left long before daylight. Elton and I got off about an hour later. We reached Jenin, and an astounding sight greeted our eyes.

Fifteen Turkish airplanes sat helpless on the ground.

Two SEs circled above. They hadn't dropped any bombs—yet. They hadn't shot off much ammunition—

WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

Two of the soldiers were military police. They escorted a handcuffed prisoner—a slender woman with green eyes.

yet. But they used up a bit just as we came within sight.

Two Rumplers and a Pfalz stood in front of one hangar. A German pilot decided that he would call our bluff and take off. His mistake!

He ran over to the Pfalz. He jumped into the cockpit. A mechanic twirled his propeller, and—

A silver streak moaned down the heavens spitting destruction from its Vickers gun. Tracers ate into the German's cockpit; he slumped in a heap. A second SE crashed down and another torrent of slugs rained on the ground. The mechanic let go of the propeller, ran about three steps, and fell headlong. That was all—for the time being.

A few minutes later another German pilot tried. He too got a one-way ticket west.

The SEs had only enough gas to remain over Jenin for an hour and a half. Toward the end of that time I began to be worried. Then I saw two specks appear on the southern horizon. They were *probably* the next pair of SEs, but they *might* be Germans from some other

airdrome. They weren't, though; they were the "relief."

Their arrival called for a celebration. The two pilots who were going home staged it. They had not dared to waste bombs or ammunition before this, but now there was no use dragging all that weight back to Sarona.

They didn't. They got rid of it—on the Turkish airdrome. The two planes nosed over together and dived straight at the hangars. They tripped their bombs when they were too low to miss.

Whang-ho! A great gaping hole appeared in the end of a building. Blooey! A bomb caved in the top of the Turks' mess hall.

The Turks inside ran out the door—and kept on running; they had to. Anybody will run when an airplane is chasing him six feet off the ground and coughing out five hundred machine-gun bullets a minute.

The next two pilots took up the vigil. The reliefs continued to arrive on clockwork schedule. On the day von Sanders needed them most, *not a Turkish plane left the ground from the Jenin airdrome or any other.*

Allenby certainly was a master strategist. He anticipated things long before they happened. Tulkarm was an example. When the Anzac cavalry dashed up to the town they were met by stubborn Turkish resistance.

You know the Billjims, Lowell. Ordinarily, trying to hold them up would be like waving a red flag in a bull's face. They would pitch in and fight to the last man—but they didn't do it now. Allenby had given them strict orders *not to fight there* if they could help it. They obeyed—regretfully.

THEY passed up the battle and pushed ahead. In no time at all they were *behind* Tulkarm and blocking the defile from there to Nablus—the ancient Shechem, where "the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt," lie buried.

The results were astounding! The Turks were cut off. Instead of killing a few of them in battle, *the Anzacs captured the whole garrison*—two thousand Turks, a train of cars, a lot of guns and rifles.

But that's getting a bit ahead of my story. Elton and I flew over the place about the time they blocked the road, and if there ever was a perfect target for airplane bombs, that was it.

The road ran between high hills and then made a sharp turn right. The Turks were crowding on to it from the Tulkarm end. Once they got on they couldn't get off. The leaders had discovered that the Billjims blocked their way, but the ones behind pushed ahead blindly. All the Turks and everything they owned that had wheels on it were trying to get up that road at one time.

Elton cut his motor. "How long do you think those troopers can bottle that road?" he yelled.

"Forever!" I said. "They're Australians."

"Then we'll go back and get the whole squadron."

We did. We were on the ground only long enough to load the bomb racks of the Bristol and stow a wooden box full of hand grenades in the rear cockpit. Then we returned, twenty strong.

We hit that mess of Turks and traffic like a cyclone. Elton pulled his bomb trip over the head of the column. The bomb landed fair and square on the leading truck. It heaved up into the air and turned over on its side. We flew down the road, bombing, machine gunning. The destruction was horrible.

We flew lower, and I went to work with the Mills grenades. Some of them reached the ground before they exploded; the ones that went off in the air did more damage. They acted like shrapnel and sprinkled the truck drivers with steel splinters.

It was ghastly! The road was a shambles. The defile was a mass of wreckage and human flesh.

© Hearst Metrotone News

Our story ends happily as the "Last Crusade" ended, with peace and good will in the Holy Land. Forever? Not quite. That was November 11, 1918. The photograph reproduced with these words was taken in Jerusalem, the Holy City, in June, 1936. It shows British soldiers behind sandbags on a housetop. Their artillery, near by, is shelling buildings infested with Arab snipers; you see the smoke from a bursting shell against the sky. Is this sort of thing the overture to revolt and catastrophe—to a hell in the Holy Land undreamed of in 1918? With conditions as they are, who can say?

. . . . .

Ross Smith, who figures in this concluding installment, was a friend of mine. Not long after the war, flying with his younger brother Keith in the rear cockpit, he won the first air race from the British Isles to Australia. He was thus the first pilot to fly halfway around the world, and he was knighted for the achievement.

When I was with him in Australia in 1922, nearly all the babies there were being named after him. Then came the offer of a prize for the first flight all the way around the world. Sir Ross went to England and had a special plane built. On a test flight Keith wanted to go up with him. Sir Ross shook his head. He took off. A few moments later the plane crashed, and Keith threw himself sobbing across the lifeless body of his brother.

—LOWELL THOMAS.

OUR sweeping advance went on unchecked. The Turks knew they were licked. The only thing they could hope for was to save their army from being annihilated.

They didn't save two thirds of it. They couldn't. The Desert Mounted Corps swept into Nazareth before dawn the next day. It's unbelievable, Lowell, but they had covered fifty miles in twenty-two hours—fighting all the way. Even the Turkish officers didn't believe it; we found most of them in their pajamas.

Nazareth sits on the side of a hill, and some of the streets tower over the others. Our cavalry entered the lower end of the town without any resistance. Higher up the hill they met plenty. Some of the houses were converted into forts; the Turks had mounted machine guns in the windows. They didn't last long; we cleaned them out. One by one the holy places of Christianity were being restored to us.

Now we held Nazareth—whence came "a man approved of God . . . by miracles and wonders and signs."

Liman von Sanders had fled. The old boy was foxy. He didn't say a word to any one; he just left.

The Anzacs dashed into Jenin, where the Turkish airdrome *had* been. They took prisoners—thousands of them. Jenin was important because both the railway and the road from Nablus passed through it. Holding Jenin meant completely blocking the escape of all the Turks south of the town. We held it!

The Fourth Cavalry Division dashed through the entrance to the valley of Jezreel, where Elijah "girded up his loins and ran." They drove through the valley furi-

ously, "like the driving of Jehu" in the same place centuries ago.

They took Beisan, eighty-five miles from the division's starting point. *They had covered that distance in thirty-four hours.* They took prisoners too—and, Lowell, there's no use in my trying to tell you about the numbers of captives we took in the next few days. There were untold thousands of them. It was the wrecking of an army! The collapse of an empire!

We took the crossing where the roads from Tiberias and Jericho meet the route from Haifa. We took Afule, and immediately our flying squadrons moved up and used the abandoned Turkish field.

I flew up there with Elton. We were no more than on the ground when there was the hum of a motor overhead. Elton grabbed my arm. "Listen!" he said. "That's not one of our crates—it's a German."

The plane dropped lower. It was a Pfalz.

We thought he was going to attack—which would have been suicide. He wasn't. He was simply a German pilot who had been away for a few days and was coming home—so *he* thought. He saw airplanes on the field and didn't give them a second glance. It never occurred to him that they were anything but Turks.

BUT he might notice at the last second and fly off again. Elton started his motor—just in case.

The German slid over the trees. His wheels touched the ground. He slowed and almost stopped.

Then he saw the blue-white-red circles on the airplanes standing around. He realized his mistake. He tried to take off—too late.

An armored car dashed into his path. The Pfalz ground-looped to avoid a collision—and we had captured the postman!

Letters from home? Hell, no! Better than that! Official mail from Turkish headquarters at Constantinople. The contents of the mail pouch proved one thing: *the Turkish-German high command didn't have the least idea what was happening to its army.*

Oh, well. They could read about it in the London papers.

Johnny Turk was on the run, and there was no sanctuary to which he could turn. We trapped him again at Beisan.

Our cavalry held the town; the Turks didn't know that. Elton and I saw another column of them approaching from the south. It was driving into an even worse trap than the one north of Tulkarm.

The road to Beisan ran along the edge of a cliff. There was a steep wall on one side and a sheer drop on the other. The leading trucks stopped when they met our cavalry; traffic jammed behind them; our airplanes did the rest.

It was a slaughterhouse! It was horrible! I don't even like to think about it—but I had to take part in it. We had so many airplanes working on the road that they got in each other's way. When we finished we left *eight solid miles of carnage.* Wagons, trucks, carts, kitchens, guns were piled up, torn up, blown up—more than a thousand of them. Vultures fed on the bodies of countless thousands of Turks and horses.

OUR army had gone much farther than Allenby had expected at the beginning of the battle. We were so far north that we had to have a port for our supply ships. We were already above Caesarea—where Porcius Festus, "sitting on the judgment seat commanded Paul to be brought"—so we took Haifa, in the shadow of Mount Carmel. Exactly fifteen men of the Mysore Lancers worked their way up the mountain, charged the enemy's position, and won against overwhelming odds.

The debris of smashed Turkish armies lay all over Samaria. But that was behind us. Our mad rush now brought us to the Sea of Galilee. At Kastal we took prisoners—but this time it was funny: we had to *let the Turks keep their guns* to protect them from their ex-Arab allies. They sent word to us that they wanted to surrender but didn't dare because the Arabs would cut their throats. They offered a gentleman's agreement to lay their arms down again just as soon as the danger had passed. We took them up on it; they kept their word.

Our advance was a series of vast sweeps broken up by nasty little fights that took the lives of brave men. It was in one of them that poor old Hog Hampshire came to grief.

He was with the Anzacs, who were now driving straight for Damascus. They turned toward the Jordan just below Tiberias to cross into Gilead. They found that the Turks had blown up the Bridge of Jacob's Daughters. The river bed was nasty and rough; rocks and boulders as big as camels were all over the place. The Turks hid behind them and made a play to stop us from crossing.

The water was deep and the Billjims had to swim their horses across. Hampshire was almost on the other shore when he stopped three bullets with his thigh. But the doctors tell me he will live—and I am *very* thankful!

I saw Hampshire in the hospital.

"Captain," he said, "I could've swum faster than

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(approximately a dollar a word)

to the author of the best short short story published in its pages between August 1, 1936, and March 1, 1937. . . . To six others will go further payments, raising the total to

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JUST COMPLETE THE MISSING LINE — WHAT DID MISS PEE-CHEE WHITE SAY?

Here's All You Have to Do—

1. Fill in the "last line" telling what Miss Pee-Chee says about PEE-CHEE White Cleaner. Write it on a separate piece of paper and attach this ad. Give your name, address and stocking size.
2. Send your entry, with the TOP of a Pee-Chee box or facsimile thereof, to "Pee-Chee White, Box 6206, Cleveland, O."

It's fun and easy—There are so many things to say about this marvelous White Shoe Cleaner. Safely cleans ALL White Shoes right.

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PEE-CHEE CLEANER MFG. COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

PEE-CHEE
CLEANS WHITE SHOES RIGHT

those bullets. That damn horse held me back!"

The Turkish Fourth Army was the only one left in existence. It was across Jordan, retreating fast and catching hell from our airplanes. We went across time and again and bombed the railroad station at Dera'a; we wiped out all the stores that would have helped them in their retreat. Elton and I helped stage those shows. They were more carnage; don't let's talk about them.

We had driven the Turks all the way from Jaffa in ten days. They hadn't had a breathing spell; we didn't give them one now. The final sprint for Damascus started from El Kuneitra, forty miles away. The enemy held us up once or twice where they found favorable high ground, but we pushed on through.

The advance was so rapid that every means of communication had gone out of commission except airplane message drops. That was my job and Elton's. It kept us busy.

The enemy had one more strong position in front of us. He had over two thousand soldiers and some machine guns on the ridge near Kaukab, believed to be where Paul was converted. We charged from the front and the flank simultaneously. Most of the Turks ran, but of course we had to bother with a lot more prisoners. Anyway, we won, and—

The minarets of Damascus, the oldest city on earth, were in sight!

And it was a beautiful sight after the Judean mud and the blazing sands of the desert. The walls were white; the gardens were green—but the vision was marred by pillars of smoke. Hell was popping! The city was ablaze in a dozen places!

We could have entered then but we didn't. Damascus was in Syria; it was largely Arab. Allenby wanted to let Lawrence have the honor of being the first to enter—if possible. It wasn't possible; we had to go in first.

THE Turks and Germans were getting ready to evacuate, but weren't hurrying. They didn't think we could travel as fast as we did, so they were taking their own sweet time. They took too much; it cost them plenty.

The Turk officials packed their military papers and boarded a train. It was loaded to overflowing. Those that couldn't squeeze into the railroad cars commandeered automobiles and wagons. But as they made their preparations, we came closer. They stampeded!

The train pulled out. The automobiles started. Leftovers mounted camels and horses. The whole mad jumble dashed for the Abana gorge, through which run both railway and road. They thought—if they thought at all—that we didn't have it covered. We did.

I wish, Lowell, that the Turks hadn't insisted on putting themselves into so many traps of that kind. I hate to see people massacred. But what can you do? Until your enemy surrenders, you have to keep on pumping him full of lead.

We did it again. The Abana defile ran ankle-deep in blood; but about four thousand Turks had sense enough to turn back to Damascus and surrender.

We tried to get control of the German wireless station before the operators wrecked it. We were just too late. The Germans had wired it, and as the Gloucesters rushed up, they touched the switches. Wham! The whole shebang went up in smoke!

That night we saw the grandest fireworks display of a lifetime. The Turks must have had enough ammunition stored outside Damascus to have continued fighting for years. They blew it up.

WE had moved so fast that we were all out of touch with our different divisions. Captain Dray went into the city under a white flag to arrange for policing it. He thought that he was the first of our army to enter Damascus—and he found that an entire brigade of Billjims had beaten him to it hours before.

But the Anzacs hadn't stopped; they had gone through at a gallop. They had been on the south of the city, and wanted to get around to the north to keep up the pursuit. The roads around Damascus were poor—and besides, why not go the shortest way? They went.

The looting had already started. It stopped abruptly when Lawrence and his Arab army galloped in. Of course you know that they had come from Aqaba, Lowell; you were there when they left. But they covered the six hundred and thirty miles across the desert in twenty-two days, and that's almost incredible. After their arrival the official surrender of the city was made to the Emir Feisal—another diplomatic move on Allenby's part.

No sooner did Lawrence have the looting under control than he made a beeline for the tomb of Saladin. It was decorated with a satin flag and a bronze wreath, placed there by the Kaiser, labeled: "From one great Emperor to another."

Lawrence had seen that inscription months before when he penetrated to Damascus in disguise. It irritated him then but he couldn't do anything about it. It irritated him now—and he could. He tore it down. [EDITOR'S NOTE: The wreath went to the British Museum in London. The flag came to America with Lowell Thomas.]

After Damascus it was a parade, except for Aleppo. We galloped up the coast in a whirlwind campaign that took more prisoners and more cities. We took Tyre, we took Sidon and Beirut—all without fighting. Our cavalry reached Rayak and took the airdrome; they found thirty German planes burned inside their hangars!

The German and Turk aviators were insane with fright or they wouldn't have done anything like that. Airplanes were the one thing that might have escaped.

THE MURDERER

Liberty's Short Short

by
TIMOTHY SHEA

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

AFTER he had killed the man, Ollie Minturn quitted the scene in haste.

The entire undertaking had worked without a hitch. He could return to his home, keeping to the back streets, deserted in the early hours of the morning.

But he still trembled from the shock of the ordeal. His legs weakened under him. It was the ominous interlude during which he had waited for the man to come that had shaken his soul. Hidden behind a screen in the gloomy half-lit room, he had stood rigid, just waiting. The universe seemed to have paused, breathless, pending the arrival of a fatal moment.

In the silent chamber the creak of an opening door sounded in his ears like the crash of thunder, followed by the slow shuffle of hesitant feet.

The man had entered.

Ollie Minturn had no pity for him, nor any enmity. The man must die by his hand in a rigid, calculated killing—for money. The sound of shuffling feet had ceased.

There followed no effective struggle nor sound. Only a half-choked sob had issued from the lips of the victim at the instant before his passing. Then, in an unearthly quiet, Ollie Minturn had stolen away by the back door, with a wad of bills in the breast pocket of his coat. He could feel them against his chest, through the thin stuff of his shirt. The price of his fortitude!

He had not done this for himself. He had been driven to the act because he was compelled to have money. He had tried other ways and failed. This killing had been a last resort, and he would not admit regret. There was nothing he wouldn't do for Dorothy, the best wife ever a man had.

She was ill; and to watch her suffer, realizing that money would buy relief, was a torment that, at any cost to himself, he must mitigate. He loved her with all the strength of his vigorous body. Now she would be cured. He patted the small wad of bills in his breast pocket.

He had shrunk from killing the man; but in no other way could he quiet a growing and monstrous fear. Their savings had gone to buy the bare necessities, and he could not find work. He had talked to Dot of relief, and saw in her eyes a repugnance to the idea of accepting charity—a resort that he too abhorred.

But Dot had spoken words that haunted him, implying the end of hope, that had seemed to squeeze the blood out of his heart. Every time he left her alone he was in a panic until his return, his feelings wrought up to the breaking point by dread of the suicide he feared she contemplated.

So, in desperation, he had snatched at opportunity. A week or more before, he had told her he had found a job, and her delight at the news almost dried up the springs of his invention.

"Tell me about it, Ollie."

He explained that it was special work for an expert; not steady, but good pay.

"Repair work?"

"Not exactly. It's really emergency stuff. I might be called out any time, night or day."

"Oh, Ollie! It's dangerous, I'm sure."

"Not for me, Dot," he answered with a nervous laugh, the echo of his old recklessness. "Don't you worry. I won't take any chances."

He had fostered the pretense of exigency by leaving her at odd hours of the night. She was not surprised, therefore, when he got up that morning before dawn and kissed her good-by.

"I'll bring back some pay today," he told her. "We'll begin getting you well. You go to sleep and don't worry."

And now the emergency job was done and he was on his way with his gains in his breast pocket.

It was about six o'clock when he reached the little cottage where they made their home. Dot was fast asleep. He went into the kitchen to prepare their breakfast. An hour or so later she called to him that she was awake, and he hurried in to her.

"I didn't expect you so soon," she said, with a smile of welcome and a look of relief in her eyes. "It didn't take you very long."

"Nothing to it," he boasted with a fine show of indifference. "Probably anybody could have done it. It was pie for me."

He piled the pillows behind her so that she could sit up, and brought in breakfast, which they ate together.

They talked of trifling things, and he was glad that she showed no particular curiosity about his job—although the truth was that she feared to base hopes on anything that seemed so elusive.

When they had finished, he took out the tray and washed the dishes. This task completed, he returned to her, seating himself on the edge of the bed. He took the wad of bank notes out of his pocket and dropped it in her lap, with a silent prayer that she might never know how he had come by it.

She ruffled the bills through her fingers.

"Why, Ollie, there's more than a hundred dollars here!"

"Sure there is!" he returned. "And I'm going to see the doctor as soon as his office is open."

"But, Ollie, you need—"

"Listen, Dot," he broke in, his voice harsh and peremptory with an emotion that threatened his self-control. "That money goes to make you well. All of it—understand? That's what I worked for. We'll worry along somehow for other things; but first we've got to get you right again. I can't stand your being sick—I can't stand it, I tell you!"

She made no protest, well aware that it was his love for her that had inspired this outburst. Presently she reached out and took his hand.

"Everything will be all right now, Ollie. I did so hate to be a burden. I couldn't do a thing to help you, and sometimes I thought I'd better not go on, knowing how worried you were and that I was just a useless encumbrance. Now that's all over, and when I'm well again we'll—"

The dreadful thought of her doing away with herself—the bare possibility of that dire tragedy—sickened him, as always. He could not have endured to live without her, realizing that his failure had caused her death.

It was this fear that had steeled his nerves while he had waited for the man to enter that vaultlike room, that had given him the strength to pull the switch when the warden had signaled to him in the death house that morning.

THE END

JUMBLED MOVIE STARS

$1,500 BEGIN YOUR ENTRY TODAY!

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN CASH IS EXCELLENT

113 BIG CASH AWARDS

$500 FIRST PRIZE

BE a name detective! Solve the riddles of these scrambled names of prominent movie stars and win one of Liberty's awards! Each jumble contains the name of a famous screen personage just as it appears in his or her billing. For example: WONJEBORE. A short study will prove that these letters can be arranged to spell JOE E. BROWN.

If you've misplaced or given away the two preceding issues of Liberty, reprints of the contest material are available. Just write to the contest address in Rule 7 requesting the jumbles you need and enclosing five cents in stamps to cover the cost of handling and mailing. When you receive these back coupons you can solve the jumbles and be even with the field. Please note that no jumbles are to be sent in until the close of the contest, when you will have a complete set of seven.

THE RULES

1. Each week for seven weeks Liberty will publish a list of jumbled names each of which, when the letters are correctly rearranged in proper order, will form the name of a prominent screen star as it appears in official billing. First and last names will be included in each jumble, and where a middle initial regularly is used, that too will be included.

2. To compete, use the official contest coupon on this page, listing your solution of each jumble in the column provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all seven lists of jumbled names, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words telling which of the stars you have unjumbled in this contest has contributed the most to the screen and why, in your opinion.

4. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unjumbled, and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement, will be adjudged the best.

5. In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the highest rating entries as follows: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $250; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; Ninety Prizes, each $5. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. All lists must be submitted as a unit, at the same time, at the close of the contest. Lists sent separately will not count. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the contest board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

7. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Movie Stars Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8. All entries must be received on or before September 25, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

CLIP HERE

CONTEST COUPON NO. 3

JUMBLED MOVIE STARS

JUMBLE	SOLUTION
1. SOLYPNIL	
2. SOBNECKJU	
3. YELAFECIA	
4. WELDUNMEDO	
5. WETMESA	
6. PILUNAUM	
7. CENARSEFED	
8. BALLOTTYEL	
9. TARJANRUEH	
10. YELLADEVUR	

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WATCH FOR SET NO. 4 JUMBLED MOVIE STARS NEXT WEEK

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FEET ITCH?
Watch Out—It May Be
"Athlete's Foot"

If your feet itch, or if the skin between your toes is red, raw, cracked or breaking out in blisters–it may be "Athlete's Foot." Don't use any half-way measures. Treat this stubborn foot infection with Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. It relieves intense itching at once; kills the fungi it comes in contact with, and aids healing of the skin. Accept no substitute for Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. At all drug, shoe and department stores—50¢ jar.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

Vox Pop

Vanderbilt a "Dangerous Character" in Japan

HARBIN, MANCHUKUO—I thought you might be amused at an incident which got me into a lot of trouble out here the other day and has trailed me ever since.

Reaching Japan a couple of months ago, the immigration authorities asked me what publications I wrote for. I mentioned Liberty among them. I was politely asked to step aside and wait awhile. After an hour or so I was given a very thorough quizzing on "what sort of things I wrote."

It appears Liberty is banned in Japan and in all Japanese protectorates because of the very entertaining story of Major George Fielding Eliot and Edward Doherty! My mentioning the magazine, then, had stamped me immediately as a "dangerous character." I was finally permitted to go; but everywhere I went in Japan a "guide" accompanied me, and permitted me only to see the things the Foreign Office wanted me to see.

Some weeks later, in crossing into Jehol, I was again asked this question. My reply did not include Liberty; but I saw upon the inspector's desk a large and very complete dossier about me. Throughout my stay in Jehol, and again in Korea, Mongolia, and Manchukuo I was a marked man. My every move was magnified to mean something other than intended.

True enough, every one was very courteous to me; but I saw nothing they did not wish me to see except when I gave my various gentlemen "guides" the slip—which, I might add, happened frequently!

I am now bound for the wilds of Siberia on a quick trip, and will cross the "roof of the world" on the Trans-Siberian to Moscow and Leningrad, and come out through Finland and the northern countries to England. It will be amusing to see if the Soviets will clap me in jail for having written for America's most popular weekly!—*Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.*

SINGLE TAX IN TEN YEARS: IT CAN HAPPEN HERE

HOUSTON, TEX.—Hands across the sea. From way down in Texas to far-off South Africa. To Mr. R. H. Starkey (July 4 Vox Pop): America will not adopt the single-tax plan of Henry George for some time, because it would do away with the exploitation of the workers; it would abolish massive fortunes; it would scramble the monopolies; and, finally, it would put several million white-collar money grabbers to work.

Never fear, though, as the single-tax or some similar plan will go into effect within the next ten years, not only in America but the whole world as well. Then we will have no more wars, no more depressions, and very few crime problems.—*Lloyd O. Wiggins.*

A SHILLELAGH FOR BRADY

BOSTON, MASS.—When Morris Patrick Brady proclaims to the world that he was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania (June 27 Vox Pop) he certainly relieves Ireland of a great responsibility.

Now, Morris, me bhoy. The names of Ryan, John L. Sullivan, Corbett, Tunney, Maher, Tom Sharkey, and Kilrain speak for themselves to those who follow the prize ring.

But you also accuse us of fighting among ourselves. Did you ever hear of the American Civil War? Well, that was Americans fighting among themselves, and the total deaths in that internecine conflict were 493,349.

Of the 368 foreign-born men awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, 144 were born in Ireland. The nearest competitor was England, with 47. And now we come to the World War, where we find, from official figures, that the Irish-born were the lowest in the number of those who claimed exemption in the United States.

So you see, Morris, instead of fighting among ourselves, as you think, we did a little for the old U. S. A. in between. And when an ingrate like yourself would want to see dear old Ireland sunk beneath the waves, sure we know that can never happen. Wouldn't the good old County of Cork keep her afloat?—*Jeremiah O'Sullivan.*

GREEN NECKTIE—INDIGO EYES

REDDING, CALIF.—Of course, all Liberty has to keep it going is what comes to it from somebody on the outside—the farther out the better.

On its cough-up of June 27 it sells us a picture of F. Roosevelt in a green necktie and indigo eyes and the smile that is universally notorious, surrounded by a baby-blue and robin's-egg field, facing a cartoon of Franklin. The crack in the Liberty Bell that hangs between these portraits is both appropriate and conspicuous.

This cover caption is fitting for its leading eructation by Stanley High—a nice dish of mushy foosh for a magazine to print, if it is paid enough for doing it.

Liberty is about as consistent as this color scheme of its cover—seemingly striving to snitch nickels from the public by its ultrasensational innovations.—*Charles L. Paige.*

FIRST ALL-COLORED MOVIE

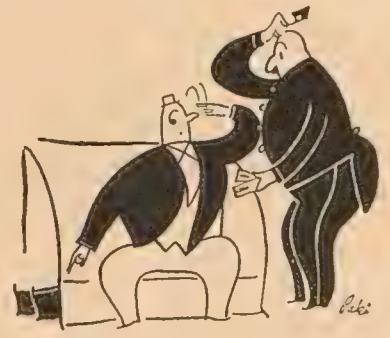
LOGANSPORT, IND.—In the review of pictures in July 4 Liberty I understand it to say The Green Pastures is the first all-colored cast production.

My recollection is that Hallelujah, a very fine singing picture several years ago, was entirely by all members of this race.—*J. M. Smith.*

"LIKES TO RIDE UNDERNEATH THE SEAT"

PORTLAND, ME.—Somebody was a-tellin' t'other day about once when Mark Twain was in England, at the races. It was at Upside Downs, where King Edward used t' practice gittin' his neck busted over the hurdles and the people raised such a howl that the prince got t' be called Prince o' Wails.

Well, accordin' t' the Mark Twain



yarn, seems that after the races Mark run afoul of an old friend who'd put all his jack on a horse that run out o' speed and got delayed makin' the home port. Being busted, he wondered whether Mark wouldn't buy him a ticket back to London.

Says Mark, "I'm busted too. But I know a scheme that'll git ye back t' London. Jest come along with me. Ye kin hide under my seat, and I'll cover ye up with my legs."

The feller thought it over a minute, and he said he reckoned he'd try it. So they went down t' the railroad station, and on the sly Mark bought an extra ticket. When the train come in, Mark's friend stowed away underneath, while Mark, settin' alone on the seat, doubled up his legs like he'd promised.

When the inspector, as they call 'em in England, come in fer the tickets, Mark handed over two. The inspector looked kind o' puzzled.

"Where's t'other passenger?" he says.

Mark tapped his head real sad, cleared his throat, and spoke out loud. Says he, "That second ticket's fer my friend. He's kind o' goofy and he likes t' ride underneath the seat."

All in all, 'twas a middlin' good joke. But even Mark Twain wouldn't never dared t' think that some day a Mr. Roosevelt, a Father Coughlin, and a wild and woolly Congress would try it on the Wall Street bankers.—*URB.*

WHAT A FROG IS

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—How's for asking the pain-in-the-neck that gargles the Twenty Questions since when is the frog an "animal"? (June 20 Liberty.)

Why not this: What animal has

scales on her back, lays eggs, and winds up in a tin can? Answer: The salmon. —*Robert Turner.*

[According to the New International Encyclopaedia and numerous other authorities, the variety of frog most widely known is an aquatic animal. A frog is also an amphibian ("an animal or plant accustomed to life both on land and in the water"—Webster's New International Dictionary). Then there are frogs that avoid water except at breeding season, and frogs that burrow into the ground.

Though frogs may appear in flower gardens, they are not plants; while their delicious limbs may be on sale at fish stores, they are not fish.—TWENTY QUESTIONS EDITOR.]

ASKS FOR CHILDREN'S PAGE

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Would it not be in keeping with Liberty's policy to devote some space exclusively each week to articles, news events, continued stories, etc., for the youth of America?

My young son of eight reads Liberty. Knowing that Liberty reaches the hands of millions of children each week, why not give them a special page or two in your already valuable and worthy publication?—*Henry D. Irvin.*

BALD HEAD . . . NO BUTTONS

HANCOCK, MINN.—The picture which accompanied the story Master Villon Desires a Quiet Life (June 27 Liberty) looks like one of those "what's wrong with this picture" puzzles. The artist, Karoly Szanto, certainly didn't read the story before drawing the picture.

The story says, "In spite of his small black eyes, his bald head," etc. The picture shows him as having long wavy hair and plenty of it.

Later on the story speaks of his opening the fastening of the girl's dress at the throat, and later telling her to fasten the button at the throat of her dress. Look at that picture of her. The dress is cut very low, no buttons, and certainly a long way from the throat.

Maybe I'm too darn particular. Anyhoo, it was a pretty good yarn.—*G. C. Blackmun.*

MOTHER SHIPTON VINDICATED

ABBEVILLE, LA.—Mr. C. W. Lively [illegible]rand Bay, Alabama, seems to pos[illegible] lively imagination (July 4 Vox [illegible]). He says that all of Mother Ship[illegible]s prophecies had come to pass in [illegible]62, when the verses were composed [illegible] one Charles Hindley.

Well, here is one verse that certainly had not yet been fulfilled at that date:

"When pictures seem alive with movements free,
When ships shall sail beneath the sea,
When men, outstripping birds, shall scour the sky,
One half the world in deep dyed blood shall die."

Read by a relative at the British Museum in 1848, then alleged to be four hundred years old.—*R. A. Mayer.*

WILL GEORGE ADE TELL US?

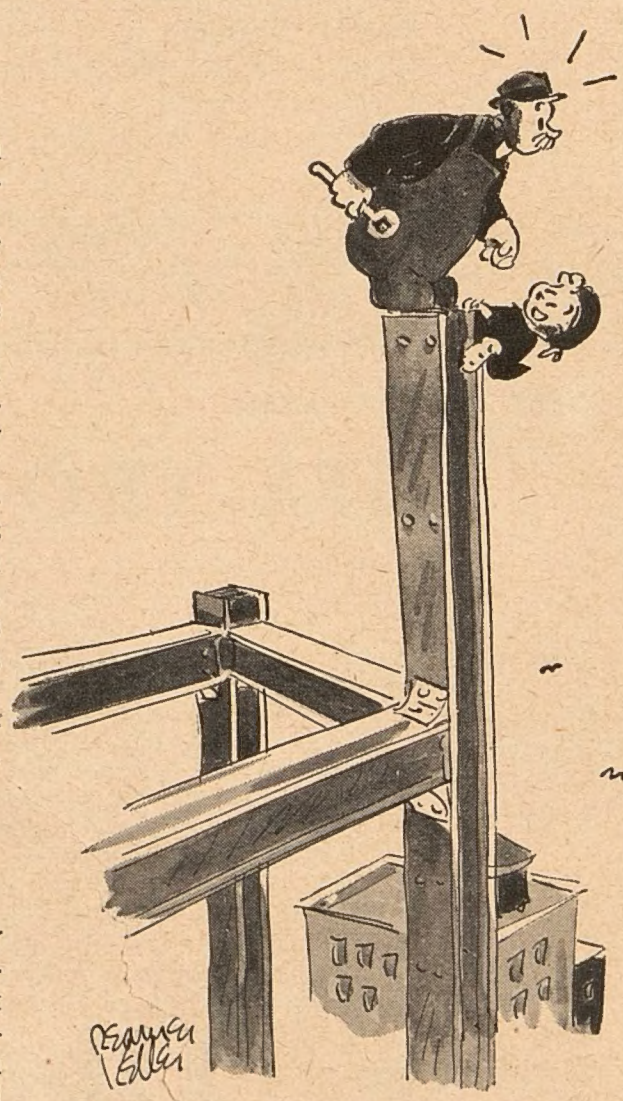
KANSAS CITY, MO.—On page 66 of March 28 Liberty, under New Deal Almanac, there is an item, "The hand that cradles the rock rules the earth." This is credited by you to The Radicals. Now I don't know who The Radicals is, or are; but I do remember that when I saw George Ade's Sultan of Sulu about thirty-five or forty years ago, that sentence was used, except that the last word was, to my best recollection, "world."

Since then I have always thought that George Ade was the author of that paraphrase. Perhaps he borrowed it. George Ade is still alive and it could be easily traced.—*H. D. Jerowitz.*

CONSIDER THE COMMAS, DON

DECATUR, ILL.—On page 12 of July 4 Liberty I found the following sentence: "Martha Ostenso came from Norway, where she was born, at the age of two." Whoever wrote that should learn something of sentence structure.

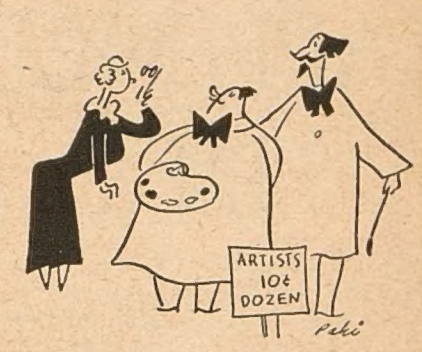
Tsk! Tsk! How could Martha Ostenso be born when she was two years old? —*Don C. Baldwin.*



"You forgot to kiss me good-by this morning, pop."

VOX POP . . . WRINKLE REMOVER

LEWISTON, IDA.—Aristophanes had nothing on us when we read the July 4 Vox Pop department—no sirree! Mother Shipton's Hindsight; Wasloski's cement statues; Harriet's understanders; he-



men angels; ten cents a dozen for artists, etc.

This is the day when a good dishwasher ranks with royalty.

Thanks for these nonsensical pages which at times takes the wrinkles out of our map.—*Tom Lynch.*

THE REASON FOR FRENCH-INDIAN WAR

MURFREESBORO, TENN.—Major General Johnson Hagood's Do the Munition Makers Cause War? (July 4 Liberty) was a splendid article, although it contained one glaring historical error. He said, "Our French and Indian Wars were caused by efforts to rid this country of Indians."

In fact there was only one war called the French and Indian War. This war was a struggle between the French and English for possession of North America.

One tribe of Indians aided the English. All the others that had any part in the struggle fought on the side of the French.—*John S. Tarver.*

KENTUCKY SQUIRREL RIFLE

LEBANON, VA.—Contrary to [illegible] Tinney (June 13 Vox Pop), the mountain or Kentucky squirrel rifle was made in almost every mountain county of Virginia and adjoining states from earliest times until quite recently.

I was much surprised to hear it claimed they were made in Pennsylvania.

Some of these old Virginia gunmakers are still living.—*Charles Wade.*

"MY WIFE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ME"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In my opinion, Rita Weiman's story, Strut Your Stuff (June 27 Liberty), is a more potent lesson to girls of today than any sermon could be.

The sort of proposition that the man in the story makes is constantly being offered to romantic girls gullible enough to believe in the old alibi, "My wife doesn't understand me."

This type of fiction should carry its lesson better than any other form of warning.

So three cheers for Rita Weiman's genius in writing it.—*S. D.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

NEWARK, N. J.—Mrs. Emilie Arslanian testified that her husband preferred to live in a tree and was granted her petition for divorce.

HALIFAX, N. S.—The postmaster here heard a ticking sound in a black tin box in the mail. Suspecting a bomb, he had the box opened under water. It was full of Mexican jumping beans.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—George Winslow walked up to the bench and explained to Magistrate Michael Ford that he had turned in a false fire alarm because "I was dead broke and thought maybe I could get a nickel subway fare from one of the firemen."

CONWAY, S. C.—A friend of an incarcerated man phoned the mayor.

"I must get him out," pleaded the friend.

"Why?" the mayor asked.

"He hasn't any pajamas with him."

PARIS, FRANCE—Judges in divorce court reserved decision in the case of a woman who, seeking a decree but having no grounds for alimony, sued her husband for damages because she had six children.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Herman Klinkhammer's boat was out in Great South Bay when it caught fire. He cut a hole in the bottom so water would come in and put out the blaze. Much to his surprise, the boat sank.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Hailed as the greatest advance in comfort devices since the advent of the rocking chair, designs for a new WPA "comfort shovel" have been perfected.

WPA workers have complained that the present shovels issued them are too short to lean on and too high to sit on.

All this is remedied by the new model designed by Charles H. Martin of Springfield, Massachusetts. It has a curved armrest for WPA shovelers who are forced to stand up while not shoveling. Halfway down the shaft of the shovel is an adjustable seat, so that workers who have wearied of leaning can sit down.

The seat is fixed on a pivot. This is so that, should an emergency arise where the WPA workers might have to shovel something, the tool can be used.

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NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

WIFE TROUBLE

WALLACE IRWIN

As entertaining a novel as you will ever read, you'll find in WIFE TROUBLE that Wallace Irwin has slanted this newest story from an angle that pierces the veneer of suburban sophistication that Delaine considers its culture and unmasks the primitive passions seething through that town's subsurface alliances. No more than WIFE TROUBLE is a typical novel is Sara Boyd a typical heroine. Yet her indecision between Stan Freeman and Fred Robley is the problem that all alluring but impecunious girls have faced since love began to make the world go round. It is the manner in which Sara works out her problem that will hold you. Be sure that you start this grand new story at the very beginning—next week in Liberty.

ALSO—WHY TELEVISION IS BEING HELD BACK by David Sarnoff—PAUL MUNI BECOMES A HEATHEN CHINESE by Frederick Collins—TRIANGLE IN THE AIR by Frances Marion, and contributions by Elizabeth Troy, Johnny Evers, C. Lloyd Fisher, Lawrence Saunders, Channing Pollock, Fred MacIsaac.

NEXT WEEK IN **Liberty** ON SALE

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12

FIVE STEPS TO SUCCESS

One of these self-help books may be exactly what you need

The Secretary-Stenographer's Desk Book, by William Allan Brooks, introduction by Andre Maurois—a book that will help you to solve at once hundreds of questions of correct form, usage and sound business practices—points the way to better jobs and better pay by showing you how to raise yourself to the standard of the highly skilled, highly paid secretaries of big business executives. It contains hundreds of personality hints, efficiency suggestions, lists of words often misspelled and confused; how to build a vocabulary; rules for correct capitalization; accurate punctuation; letter writing; sources of useful information; postal information; patents; copyrights; passports; weights and measures; special terminology and information about advertising; publishing, insurance, real estate; what you should know about contracts, correct form in salutation, closing and address of public officials. A fine, big, helpful book. Send for it today. Postpaid **$1.00.**

CHARM AND PERSONALITY—How to Attain Them—By Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, acknowledged authority and writer on psychology, psychiatry, medicine, hygiene and other social subjects, tells you how to develop a powerful, charming personality which is one of the greatest assets any human being can possess—even greater than riches, for riches can be lost never to be recovered. Many men and women possessing personal magnetism in marked degree attain riches, happiness, popularity, power—everything worth striving for in this world. It is they who are most apt to make outstanding successes in their chosen fields whatever they may be—the professions, the stage, radio, movies, politics, business, marriage. No matter what your ambition is, a winning personality will help. 229 pages. 15 chapters bursting with valuable information. Beautifully bound, printed on excellent paper, our special price **$1.00.**

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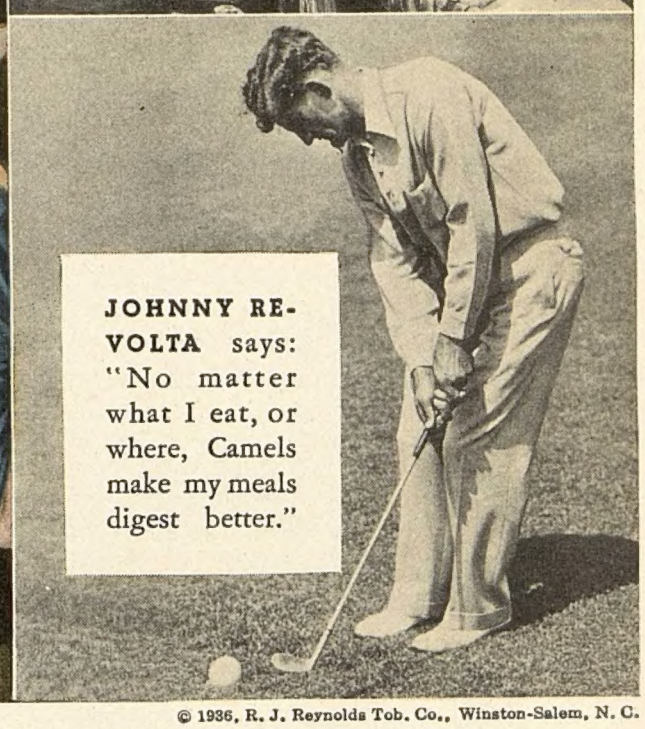

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